NEW ENGLAND GALAXY.

A MAP OF BUSY LIFE, ITS FLUCTUATIONS, AND ITS VAST CONCERNS.—*Cowper.*

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MISCELLANY.

☞ The following sonnet appears as original in the New York Transcript. It is, however, at least *ten years old*, and we can show Messrs Editors of the Transcript a clumsy piece of chirography, imitated by their very humble servant, from a copy of the identical sonnet, published with sundry flourishes and ornaments, in a 'System of Penmanship,' issued by N. D. Gould, in 1823. [Ed. Galaxy.

TO-MORROW.

'The weary sun hath made a golden set,
And by the bright track of his fiery car,
Gives token of a goodly day to-morrow.'
Richard III—Act V. Sc. 3.

See where the falling day
In silence steals away,
Behind the western hills withdrawn ;
Her fires are quench'd, her beauty fled,
With blushes all her face o'erspread,
As conscious she had ill-fulfilled
The promise of the dawn !

Another morn shall soon arise—
Another day salute our eyes,
As smiling and as fair as she,
And make as many promises ;
But do not thou the tale believe—
They're sisters all, and all deceive.

[From the New England Magazine.]

REMEMBRANCES.

They come no more,—those sunny days,
O'er which the light of Memory plays
Like April s smile amid the rain,
And 'turneth all the past to pain.'
They come no more ! and every voice
That made my childish heart rejoice,
Awakes, to Fancy's ear alone,
A sweet and evanescent tone.

These glorious hills, that used to wear
The hue of Summer's richest air ;
Where distance lent its softest light,
And made their every aspect bright ;
I wonder, if their peaks arise,
Now, as of yore, amid the skies ;
If, in old Autumn's gorgeous reign,
They yet their loveliness retain ?

I doubt it not : 't is *I* alone
Have change, and blight, and sorrow known ;
And that blue stream, which used to play
In music, through the livelong day,
Had sounds for Boyhood's subtle ear,
Which weary Manhood yearns to hear,
And sighs, full vainly-deep, to find
Their influence banished from his mind.

Yes, all the scenes that once were now,
And wondrous lovely to my view,
Where Home its fair retreat displays,
Are each unchanged from other days :
But who, that loved them once with me,
Now live, their winning charms to see !
I ask if they have passed away—
And echo whispers—' *Where are they ?*'

NIGHT.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Night is the time to rest ;
How sweet when labors close,
To gather round an aching breast,
The curtain of repose ;
Stretch the tired limbs and lay the head
Upon our own delightful bed !

Night is the time for dreams ;
The gay romance of life,
When truth that is and truth that seems
Blended in fantastic strife,
Ah ! visions less beguiling far
Than waking dreams by day-light are !

Night is the time for toil ;
To plough the classic field,
Intent to find the buried spoil
Its wealthy furrows yield ;
Till all is ours that sages taught,
That poets sing, or heroes wrought.

Night is the time to weep ;
To wet with unseen tears
Those graves of memory, where sleep
The joys of other years ;
Hopes that were angels in their birth,
But perished young, like things of earth !

Night is the time to watch ;
On ocean's dark expanse,
To hail the Pleiades, or catch
The full-moon's earliest glance
That brings unto the home-sick mind
All we have loved and left behind.

Night is the time for care ;
Brooding on hours misspent,
To see the spectre of despair
Come to our lonely tent ;
Like Brutus midst his slumbering host,
Startled by Cæsar's stalwart ghost.

Night is the time to muse ;
Then from the eye the soul,
Takes flight and with expanding views
Beyond the starry pole,
Descries athwart the abyss of night
The dawn of uncreated light.

Night is the time to pray ;
Our Savior oft withdrew
To desert mountains far away,
So will his followers do,
Steal from the throng to haunts untrod,
And hold communion there with God.

Night is the time for death ;
When all around is peace,
Calmly to yield the weary breath,
From sin and suffering cease ;
Think of heaven's bliss, and give the sign
To parting friends—such death be mine !

A DREAM.

I dream'd that buried by my fellow clay,
Close by a common beggar's side I lay ;
And as no mean a neighbor shock'd my pride,
Thus like a corpse of quality I cried :
'Away, thou scoundrel ! touch me not—
More manners learn, and at a distance rot.'
'Thou scoundrel !' in a louder tone cried he ;
'Proud lump of dirt, I scorn thy words and thee !
We're equal now—I'll not an inch resign ;
This is my resting place, and that is thine.'

CALUM DHU.

A HIGHLAND TALE.

[The following is a traditionary tale of the West Highlands ; and in printing it, the author has adhered to the narrative, and, as near as he could, the simple but nervous phraseology of the old plaided shepherd who told it to him on the side of a healthy hill near Inverenglass, on the banks of Loch Lomond.—*Athenæum.*]

Calum Dhu was the bravest warrior that followed the banners of the chief of Colquhoun, with which clan the powerful and warlike M'Gregors were at inveterate feud. Calum lived in a sequestered glen, in the vicinity of Ben Lomond. His cottage stood at the base of a steep ferny hill ; retired from the rest of the clan, he lived alone.—This solitary being was the deadliest foe of the M'Gregors, when the clans were in the red unyielding battle of their mountain chiefs. His weapon was a bow, in the use of which he was so skilful, that he could bring down the smallest bird when on the wing. No man but himself had ever bent his bow ; and his arrows were driven with such resistless force, that their feathery wings were always drenched with his foeman's best blood. In the use of the sword, also, he had few equals ; but the bow was the weapon of his heart.

The son of the chief of the M'Gregors, with two of his clansmen, having gone to hunt, and their game being wide, they wandered far, and found themselves, a little after mid day, on the top of the hill at the foot of which stood Calum Dhu's cotage.

'Come,' said the young chief, 'let us go down and try to bend Calum Dhu's bow. Evan, you and I have got the name of being the best bowmen of our clan ; it is said, no man but Calum himself can bend his bow ; but it will go hard with us if we cannot show him that the McGregors are men of thews and sinews equal to the bending of his long bow, with which he has so often sent his arrows through and through our best wariors, as if they had been men of straw set up to practice on. Come, he will not know us, and if he should, we are three to one : and I owe him something,' added he, touching the hilt of his dirk, 'since the last conflict, when he sent an arrow through my uncle's gallant bosom.—Come, follow me down !' he continued, his eye beaming with determined vengeance, and his voice quivering with suppressed passion. The will of a Highland chieftain was law at the time of which we speak.

'We will go down, if a score of his best clansmen are with him,' said Evan.

'Aye, but be cautious, we shall bend his bow, then break it,' replied the young M'Gregor ; 'and, then—then for my uncle's blood.' 'He is good at the sword,' said the third M'Gregor ; 'but this (showing his dirk) will stretch him on the sward.'

'Strike him not behind,' said the young chief 'hew him down in front ; he deserves honorable wounds, for he is brave though an enemy.'

They had been prevented by a rising knoll from being seen from the cottage, which they now reached. Knocking loudly at the door, after some delay, they were answered by the appearance of a little, thick set, grey eyed, oldish looking man, with long arms, and a black bushy beard, hung with grey threads and thrums, as if he had been employed in weaving the coarse linen of the country and the time. But as he had none of the muscular symptoms of prodigious strength which Calum Dhu was reported to possess, and which had often proved so fatal to their clan, they could not suppose this to be their redoubted foeman ; and, to the querulous question of what they wanted, uttered in the impatient tone of one who has been interrupted in some necessary worldly employment, they replied by enquiring if Calum Dhu was at home. 'Na, he's gane to the fishing ; but an ye hae ony message for our chief (Heaven guard him !) about the coming of the red M'Gregors, and will trust me with it, Calum will get it frae me. Ye may as well tell me as him ; he stays lang when he gaes out for he is a keen fisher.'

'We were only wanting to try the bending of his bow,' said the young chief, 'which we have heard no man can do save himself.' 'Hoo ! gin that's a' ye might hae telled it at first, an' no keep it me sae lang frae my loom,' said the old man ; 'but stop,'—and giving his shoulders an impatient shrug, which, to a keen observer would have passed for one of satisfaction, triumph, and determination, he went into the house, and quickly returned, bringing out a strong bow and a sheaf of arrows and flung them carelessly on the ground, saying, 'Ye'll be for trying your strength at a flight ?' pointing to the arrows ; 'I hae seen Calum send an arrow ower that hill, like a glance o' lightning ; and when the M'Gregors were coming raging up the glen, like red devils as they are, mony o' their best warriors fell at the farthest entrance o' the pass, every man o' them wi' a hole in breast, and its fellow at his back.'

He had taken a long arrow out of the sheaf, and stood playing with it in his hand while speaking, seemingly ready to give to the first man who should bend the bow. The M'Gregors were tall muscular men, in the prime of youth and manhood. The young chief took up the bow, and after examining its unbending strength, laying all his might to it, strained till the blood rushed to his face, and his temples throbbed almost to bursting—but in vain ; the string remained slack as ever. Evan and the other M'Gregor were alike unsuccessful ; they might as well have tried to root up the gnarled oaks of their native mountains.

'There is not a man,' cried the young chief of M'Gregor, greatly chagrined at the absence of Calum Dhu, and his own clansmen's vain attempts to bend the bow—'there is not a man in your clan can bend that bow, and if Calum Dhu were here, he should not long bend it!' Here he bit his lip, and suppressed the rest of his sentence, for the third M'Gregor gave him a glance of caution.

'Ha !' said the old man, still playing with the long arrow in his hand, and without seeming to observe the latter part of M'Gregor's speech : 'if Calum was here, he would bend it as easy as you wad bend that rush ; and gin ony o' the M'Gregors were in sight, he wad drive this lang arrow through them as easily as ye wad drive your dirk through my old plaid, and the feather wad come out at the other side, wet wi' their heart's bluid. Sometimes even the man behind is wounded, if they are ony way thick in their battle. I once saw a pair of them stretched on the heather, pinned together with one of Calum's long arrows.'

This was spoken with cool composure, and with the simplicity of one who is talking to friends, or is careless if they are foes. A looker-on could have discerned a chequered shade of pleasure and triumph in his countenance, as M'Gregor's lip quivered, and the scowl of anger fell along his brow at the tale of his kinsman's destruction by the arm of his most hated enemy.

'He must be a brave warrior,' said the young chief, compressing his breath, and looking with anger and astonishment at the tenacious and cool old man, 'I should like to see this Calum Dhu.'

'Ye may soon enough, an' gin ye were a M'Gregor, feel him too. But what is the man glunching and glooming at ? Gin ye were Black John himsel', ye couldna look mair deevlish like ; and what are you fidging at mon ?' addressing the third M'Gregor, who had both marked and felt the anger of his young chief, and had slowly moved nearer the old man, and stood with his right hand below the left breast of his plaid, probably grasping his dirk, ready to execute the vengeance of his master as it was displayed on his clouded countenance, which he closely watched. The faith of the Gael is deeper than 'to hear is to obey,' the slavish obedience of the East : his is to anticipate and perform —to know and accomplish, or die. It is the sterner devotedness of the North.

But the old man kept his keen gray eye fixed upon him, and continued in the same unsuspecting tone : 'but is there ony word o' the M'Gregors stan coming over the hills ? Calum would like to try a shot at Black John, their chief ; he wonders gin he could pass an arrow through his great hardy bulk as readily as he sends them through his clansmen's silly bodies. John has a son, too, he wad like to try his craft on ; he has the name of a brave warrior I forget his name. Calum likes to strike at noble game, though he is sometimes forced to kill that which is little worth. But I'm fearful that he overrates his ain strength ! his arrow will only, I think tak weel through Black John, but'——

'Dotard, peace !' roared the young chief, till the glen rang again ; his brow darkening like midnight, 'peace ! or I shall cut the sacreligious tongue out of your head, and nail it to that door, to show Calum Dhu that you have had visiters since he went away, and that he may bless his stars that he was not here.'

A dark flash of suspicion crossed his mind as he gazed at the cool old tormentor, who stood before him, unquailing at his frowns ; but it vanished as the imperturbable old man said, 'Hoch ! ye're no a M'Gregor—and though ye were, ye surely wad na mind the like o' me ! but about bending this bow,' striking it with the long arrow which he still held in his hand, 'there is just a knack in it, and your untaught young strength is useless, ye ken the gait o't. I learned it frae Calum ; I'm sworn never to tell it to a stranger. There is mony a man in the clan I ken neathing about, but as ye seem anxious to see the bow bent I'll nae disappoint ye ; rin up to yon grey stane—stand there, and it will no be the same as if ye were standing near me when I'm doing it, but it will just be the same to you, for ye can see weel enough, and when the string is on the bow, ye may come down an ye like, and try a flight ; it's a capital bow, and that ye'll fin.'

A promise is sacred with the Gael ; and as he was under one, they did not insist on his exhibiting his art while they were in his presence ; but curious to see the sturdy bow bent, a feat of which the best warrior of their clan would have been proud, and which they had in vain essayed ; and perhaps thinking Calum Dhu would arrive in the interval ; and as they feared nothing from the individual who seemed ignorant of their name, and who could not be supposed to send an arrow so far with any effect ; they therefore walked away in the direction pointed out, nor did they once turn their faces till they reached the grey rock. They now turned, and saw the old man (who had waited till they had gone the whole way) suddenly bend the stubborn yew, and fix an arrow on the string. In an instant it was drawn to his very ear, and the feathered shaft, of a cloth breadth length, was fiercely launched in the air.

'M' Alp—hooch !' cried the young chief, meaning to raise the M'Gregor war cry, clapping his hand on his breast as he fell.

'Ha !' cried Calum Dhu, for it was he himself, 'clap your hand behin' ; the arm shot that, that never sent arrow that came out where it went in ;' —a rhyme he used in battle, when his foes fell as fast as he could fix arrows to the bowstring. The two M'Gregors hesitated a moment whether to rush down and cut to atoms the old man who had so suddenly caused the death of their beloved young chief ; but seeing him fix another arrow to his bow of which they had just seen the terrible effects, and fearing they might be prevented from carrying the news of his son's death to their old chieftain, and thus cheat him of his revenge, they started over the hill like roes ; but a speedy messenger was after them ; an arrow caught Evan as he descended out of sight, over the hill ; sent with powerful and unerring aim, it transfixed him in the shoulder. It must have grazed the heart that grew on that hill top to match him, as only the shoulders could be seen from where Calum Dhu stood. On flew the other M'Gregor with little abatement of speed, till he reached his chieftain with the bloody tidings of his son's death.

'Raise the clan !' was Black John's first word, 'dearly shall they rue it.'

A party was soon gathered ; breathing all the vengeance of mountain warriors, they were soon far on the way of fierce retalition, with black John at their head. Calum Dhu was in the meantime, not idle ; knowing, from the escape of one of the three M'Gregors, that a battle must quickly ensue, he collected as many of his clansmen as he could, and taking his terrible bow, which he could so bravely use, calmly waited the approach of the M'Gregors, who did not conceal their coming, for loud and fiercely their pipes flung their notes of war and defiance on the gales as they approached ; and mountain cliff and glen echoed far and wide the martial strains. They arrived, and a desperate struggle immediately commenced.

The M'Gregors carried all before them ; no warriors at this time could withstand the hurricane onset, sword in hand, of the far-famed, warlike M'Gregors.

Black John raged through the field like a chafed lion, roaring in a voice of thunder, heard far above the clash, groans, and yells of the unyielding combatants—'where is the murderer of my son ?'

None could tell him ; none was afforded time ; for he cut down, in his headlong rage, every foe he met. At length, when but few of his foes remained, on whom he could wreak his wrath or exercise his great strength, he spied an old man sitting on a ferny bank, holding the stump of his leg, which had been cut off in the battle, and who beckoned the grim chief to come nearer. Black John rushed forward, brandishing his bloody sword, crying, in a voice which startled the yet remaining birds from the neighboring mountain cliffs—'where is my son's murderer ?'

'Shake the leg out o' that brogue,' said the old man, speaking with difficulty, and squeezing his bloody stump with both hands, with all the energy of pain, 'and bring me some o' the water frae yon burn to drink, and I will show you Calum Dhu, for he is yet in the field, and lives ; rin, for my heart burns and faints.'

Black John, without speaking, shook the leg out of the brogue, and hasted to bring water, to get the wished for intelligence. Stooping to dip the bloody brogue in the little stream, 'M'Alp—hooch !' he cried, and splashed lifeless in the water, which, in a moment, ran thick with his blood.

'Ha !' cried Calum Dhu, for it was he again, 'clap your hand behin' : that's the last arrow shot by the arm that sent those which came not out where they went in.'

LIBERTY. Shame ! that any should be found to speak lightly of liberty, whose worth is so testified—whose benefits are so numerous and so rich. Moralists have praised it—poets have sung it—patriots and martyrs have died for it. As a temporal blessing, it is beyond all comparison and above all praise. It is the air we breathe—the food we eat—the raiment that clothes us—the sun that enlightens, and vivifies, and gladdens all on whom it shines. Without it, what are honors and riches, and all similar endowments ?—They are the trappings of a hearse—they are the garnishings of a sepulchre ; and with it the crust of bread and the cup of water, and the lowly hovel, and the barren rock, are luxuries which it teaches and enables us to rejoice in. He who knows what liberty is, and can be glad and happy when placed under a tyrant's rule, and at the disposal of a tyrant's caprice, is like the man who can laugh and be in merry mood at the grave, where he has just deposited all that should have been loviest in his eye, and all that should have been dearest to his heart. What is slavery, and what does it do ? It darkens and degrades the intellect—it paralyses the hand of industry—it is the nourisher of agonizing fears and of sullen revenge—it crushes the spirit of the bold—it belies the doctrines, it murders the precepts, it resists the power, it sets at defiance the sanctions, of religion—it is the fosterer and the murderer, and the tomb, of whatever defies or besigs the felicity of these over whom it domineers, or drives them to seek for relief from their misery in the grave, in the gratification, and the wish, and the madness of the passing hour.

THE EXILE OF ST HELENA.

On that lone barren isle, where the loud roaring billows
Around the storm make while the wild tempest rave,
The hero lies still—and the dew-dropping willows,
Like fond weeping mourners, bend over his grave ;
The sea-storm may rage, and the hoarse thunders rattle,—
He heeds not,—he hears not,—he's free from all pain—
He sleeps his last sleep, he has fought his last battle—
No sound can awake him to glory again !

Oh ! shade of the mighty, where now are the legions
That rushed but to conquer when *thou* led'st them on ?
Alas ! they have perished, in far chilly regions,
And all but the fame of their triumphs is gone !
The Trumpet may sound, and the cannon-peal rattle,—
They hear not,—they hear not,—they're free from all pain ;
They sleep their last sleep, they have fought their last battle,—
No sound can awake them to glory again !

Yet, spirit immortal ! the tomb cannot bind thee—
For like thine own eagles, that soar'd to the sun,
Thou spring'st from thy bondage, and leavest behind thee
Such fame as no mortal before thee had won !
Though nations may combat, where war thunders rattle,
No more on thy steed shalt thou sweep o'er the plain,
Thou sleep'st thy last sleep, thou hast fought thy last battle—
No sound can awake thee to glory again !

[From the New Monthly Magazine.]

THE BACHELOR'S THERMOMETER.

Ætatis 20. Looked back through a vista of ten years : remember that at twenty I looked upon a man of thirty as a middle aged man—wondered at my error, and protracted the middle age to forty.—Said to myself, 'Forty is the age of wisdom.' Reflected generally upon past life—wished myself twenty again, and exclaimed, 'If I were but twenty what a scholar I would be at thirty—but it is too late now. Looked in the glass—still youthful, but getting rather fat. Young says, 'a fool at forty is a fool indeed'—forty, therefore, must be the age of wisdom.

31. Read in the Morning Chronicle, that a watchmaker in Paris, aged 31, had shot himself for love. More fool the watchmaker ! Agreed that nobody fell in love after twenty. Quoted Sterne. "The expression of *fall* in love evidently shows love to be *beneath* a man." Went to Drury lane—saw Miss Croutch in Rosetta, and fell in love with her. Received her ultimatum—none but matrimonious need apply. Was three months making up my mind, (a long time for making up such a little parcel) when Kitty Croutch eloped with Earl Buskon ; pretended to be very glad. Took three turns up and down library, and looked in the glass. Getting rather fat and florid. Met a friend in Grey's Inn, who said, I was evidently in rude health. Thought the compliment ruder than the health.

32. Passion for dancing rather on the decline. Voted sitting out play and farce one of the impossibilities. Still in the stage box three nights per week. Sympathised with the public in vexation, occasioned by non-attendance of the other three ; can't please every body. Began to wonder at the pleasure of kicking one's heels on a chalked floor till four in the morning. Sold bay mare, who reared at three carriages, and shook me out of the saddle. Thought saddle making rather worse than formerly. Hair growing thin. Bought a bottle of Tricesion fluid. Mem "a flattering unction."

33. Hair thinner. Serious thoughts of a wig. Met Colonel Buckhorse, who wears one. Devil in a bush. Serious thoughts of letting it alone. Met a fellow Etonian in the Green Park, who told me I *were* well ; wondered what he could mean.—Give up cricket-club, on account of the air about Paddington—could not run without being out of breath.

34. Measured for a new coat. Tailor proposed fresh measure, hinted something about bulk. Old measure too short ; parchment shrinks. Shortened my morning ride to Hamstead and Highgate, and wondered what people could see at Hendon.—Determined not to marry—means expensive and dubious. Counted eighteen bald heads in the pit at the Opera. So much the better ; the more the merrier.

35. Tried an old great coat, and found it an old little one ; cloth shrinks as well as parchment.—Red face in putting on shoes. Bought a shoe horn. Remember quizzing my uncle George for using one—then young and foolish. Hunting belts for gentlemen hung up in glover's windows. Longed to buy one, but two women in the shop cheapening mittens. Three grey hairs in left eye brow.

36. Several gray hairs in whiskers ; all owing to carelessness in the manufactory of shaving soap. Remember thinking my father an old man at thirty six. Settled the point ! Men grew old sooner in former days. Laid blame upon flapped waistcoats and tie wigs. Skaited on the Serpentine. Gout. Very foolish exercise, only fit for boys. Gave skaits to Charles' eldest son.

37. Fell in love again. Rather pleased to find myself not too old for the passion. Emma only nineteen. What then ? Women require protectors—day settled—devilishly frightened—too late to get off. Luckily jilted. Emma married George Parker one day before me. Again determined never to marry. Turned off old tailor, and took to new one in Bond street. Some of those fellows make a man look ten years younger. Not that that was the reason.

38. Stuck rather more to dinner parties. Gave up country dancing. Money-musk certainly more fatiguing than formerly. Fiddlers play it too quick. Quadrilles stealing hither over the Channel.—Thought of adding to the number of grave gentlemen who learn to dance. Dick Dapper dubbed me one of the *over growns*. Very impertinent and untrue.

39. Quadrilles rising. Wondered sober mistresses of families would allow their carpets to be beat after that fashion. Dinner parties increasing. Found myself gradually *Teething* it towards top of table. Dreaded *Ultima Thule* of hostesses elbow. Good places for cutting turkeys ; bad for cutting jokes. Wondered why I was always desired to walk up. Met two school fellows at Pimlico, both fat and red faced. Used to say at school that they were both my age ! What lies boys tell !

40. Look back ten years. Remember at thirty thinking forty a middle aged man, Must have meant fifty. Fifty certainly, the age of wisdom. Determined to be wise in ten years. Wished to learn music and Italian. Tried Logier. 'Twould not do. No defect of capacity, but those things should be learned in childhood.

41. New furnished chambers. Looked in new glasses—one chin too much. Looked in other new glass—chin still double. Art of glass making on the decline. Sold my horse, and wondered people could find any pleasure in being bumped. What are legs made for ?

42. Gout again—that disease certainly attacks young people more than formerly. Cannot recall it a rubber of whist, and blistered. Tried my hand at original composition, and found a burning after epigram and satire. Wondered I could ever write love sonnets—imitated Horace's Ode, "*Ne sit ancilla.*" Did not mean any thing serious, thought Susan certainly civil and attentive.

43. Bought a hunting belt. Braced myself up till ready to burst. Intestines not to be trifled with —threw it aside. Young men, now-a-days much too small in the waiste. Read in Morning Post in advertisement, "Pills to prevent Corpulency ;" bought a box. Never the slimmer, though much sicker.

44. Met Fanny Stapleton, now Mrs Meadows, at Bullock's Museum. Twenty-five years ago wanted to marry her. What an escape ! Women certainly age much sooner than men. Charles eldest boy began to think himself a man. Starched cravat and cane. What presumption ! At his age I was a child.

45. A few wrinkles about the eyes, commonly called crow's feet. Must have caught cold.—Began to talk politics, and shirk the drawing-room. Eulogized Garrick—saw nothing in Kean. Talked of Lord North. Wondered at the licentiousness of the modern press. Why can't people be civil, like Junius and John Wilson in the good old times ?

46. Rather on the decline, but still handsome and interesting. Growing dislike to the company of young men—all of them talk too much or too little. Began to call chambermaids at inns "My dear." Thought the money expended upon Waterloo bridge might be better employed. Listened to a howl from Captain Querulous, about family expenses, price of bread and butcher's meat.—Did not care a jot if bread was a shilling a roll, and butcher's meat fifty pounds a calf. Hugged myself "single blessedness," and wished him a good morning.

47. Top of head quite bald. Pleaded Lord Grey in justification. Shook it on reflecting that I was but three years removed from the "Age of Wisdom." Teeth sound, but not so white as heretofore. Something the matter with the dentifrice. Began to be cautious in chronology. Bad thing to remember too far back. Had serious thoughts of not remembering Miss Farren.

48. Quite settled not to remember Miss Farren. Told Laura Willis and Palmer, who died when I was nineteen, certainly did not *look* forty-eight.

49. Resolved never to marry but for money or rank.

50. Age of wisdom. Married my cook.—*Grimm's Ghost.*

PIG DRIVING.

In the London Quarterly for January, we find a notice of a duodecimo, entitled "Bubbles from the Brunnens of Nassau." It would appear that the book is the journal of a visiter at the German Watering places, and his descriptions of the scenes at the Brunnens, (Wells) are often amusing enough. We have selected the following extracts, descriptive of Pig Driving at Langenschwalbach as highly amusing.

"Every morning at half past five o'clock, I hear, as I am dressing, the sudden blast of an immense, long wooden horn, from which always proceed the same four notes. I have got quite accustomed to this wild *reveille* ; and the vibration has scarcely subsided—it is still ringing among the distant hills —when, leisurely proceeding from almost every door in the street, behold—a pig ! Some, from their jaded, care-worn, dragged appearance, are evidently leaving behind them a numerous litter ; others are great, tall, majestic, melancholy looking creatures, which seem to have no other object left in this wretched world than to become bacon ; while others are thin, tiny, light-headed, small, brisk, pestulent piglings, with the world and all its loves and sorrows before them. Of their own accord these creatures proceed down the street to join the herdsman, who occasionally continues to repeat the sorrowful blast from his horn. Gregarious, or naturally fond of society, with one curl in their tales, and with their noses almost touching the ground, the pigs trot on, grunting to themselves and to their comrades—halting only whenever they come to anything they can manage to swallow. I have observed that the old ones pass all the carcasses which trailing to the ground, are hanging before the butchers' shops, as if they were on a sort of *paroles d'honneur* not to touch them. The middle-aged ones wistfully eye this meat, yet jog on also : while the piglings, who (so like mankind) have more appetite than judgment, can rarely resist taking a nibble ; yet no sooner does the dead calf begin to move, than from the window immediately above, out pops the head of a butcher, who, drinking his coffee whip in hand, inflicts a prompt punishment sounding quite equal to the offence.

"As I have stated, the pigs, generally speaking, proceed of their own accord ; but shortly after they have passed, there comes down our street a little, bare-headed, bare-footed, stunted dab of a child, about eleven years old—a Flibbertigibbet sort of creature, which in a drawing one would express by a couple of blots, the small one for her head, the other for her body, while, streaming from the latter, there would be a long line, ending in a flourish, to denote the immense whip which the child carried in its hand. This little goblin page, the whipper-in, or side-de-camp of the old pig-driver, facetiously called at Langenschwalbach the "Schwein-General," is a being no one looks at and who looks at nobody ;—but such a pair of eyes for a pig ! The urchin knows every house from which a pig ought to have proceeded : she can tell by the door being open or shut, and even by footmarks, whether the creature has joined the herd, or is still snoring in its sty ; a single glance determines whether she should pass a yard or enter it ; and if a pig, from indolence or greediness, be loitering on the road, the sting of the wasp could not be sharper or more spiteful than the cut she gives it.

"When I joined the herd this morning, they really appeared to have no hams at all : their bodies were as flat as if they had been squeezed in a vice ; and when they turned sideways, their long, sharp noses and tucked-up bellies gave to their profile the appearance of starved greyhounds. As I gravely followed this grunting, unearthly-looking herd of unclean spirits through that low part of Langenschwalbach which is solely inhabited by Jews, I could not help fancying that I observed them holding their very breaths, as if a loathsome pestilence were passing ; for, though fat pork be a wicked luxury—a forbidden pleasure, which your Jew has been supposed occasionally in secret to indulge in, yet a charitable Christian may easily imagine that such very lean, ugly pigs have not charms enough to lead Moses astray.

"Besides the little girl, who brought up the rear, the herd was preceded by a boy of about fourteen, whose duty it was not to let the foremost—the most enterprising, or, in other words, the most empty pigs—advance too fast. In the middle of this drove surrounded like a shepherd by his flock, slowly stalked the SCHWEIN-GENERAL, a wan, spectre-looking old man, worn out, or nearly so, by the arduous and every-day duty of conducting, against their wills, a gang of exactly the most obstinate animals in creation. A single glance at his countenance was sufficient to satisfy one that his temper had been soured by wearisome contrariety and untoward events. In his left hand he held a staff to help himself onwards, while round his right shoulder hung one of the most terrific whips that could possibly be constructed. At the end of a short handle, turning upon a swivel, there was a lash at least nine feet long, formed like the vertebræ of a snake, each joint being an iron ring, which, darting in turn, with terrific velocity, through the air by a twist of the wrist, communicated with its weight a blow that [illegible] would [illegible] through [illegible] hide, and [illegible] the [illegible] pig [illegible] the [illegible] pig ought to have proceeded : she can tell by the door being open or shut, and even by footmarks, whether the creature has joined the herd, or is still snoring in its sty ; a single glance determines whether she should pass a yard or enter it ; and if a pig, from indolence or greediness, be loitering on the road, the sting of the wasp could not be sharper or more spiteful than the cut she gives it.

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"If any little savory morsel caused a contention, stoppage, or constipation on the march, the old fellow slowly unwound his dreadful whip, and by merely whirling it round his head, like reading the riot act, he generally succeeded in dispersing the crowd ; but if they neglected this solemn warning —if their stomachs proved stronger than their judgments, and if the group of greedy pigs continued to stagnate—"Arriff !" the old fellow exclaimed, and rushing forwards, the lash whirling round his head, he inflicted, with strength which no one could have fancied he passed, a smack that seemed absolutely to electrify the ringleader ; but no wonder, poor fellow ! for it would almost have cut a piece out of a door."

[The author goes on to descant upon the cruelty of this proceedure ; but we are afraid every one who has had any experience in such affairs will agree that so long as there shall exist upon the surface of this earth either pigs or authors, neither pig-whipping nor reviewing can ever completely be abolished. We proceed with the narrative :]

"As soon as the herd began gradually to ascend the rocky, barren mountain, which appeared towering above them, the labors of the Swine-General and his staff became greater than ever. However, in due time the drove reached the ground which was devoted for that day's exercise ; the whole mountain being thus taken in regular succession. No wonder, poor reflecting creatures, that they had come unwillingly to such a spot ! for there appeared, literally, to be nothing for them to eat, but hot stones and dust ; however, they dexterously begin to lift up with their snouts the largest of the loose stones. Their tough wet snouts seemed to be sensible of the quality of every thing they touched, and thus out of the apparently barren ground they managed to get fibres of roots, to say nothing of worms, beetles, or any other travelling insects they met with. As they slowly advanced working up the hill, their ears most philosophically shading their eyes from the hot sun, I could not help feeling how little we appreciate the delicacy of several of their senses, and the extreme acuteness of their instinct. There exists, perhaps, in creation, no animal which has less justice and more injustice done to him by man than the pig. Gifted with every faculty of supplying himself, and of providing even against the approaching storm, which no animal is better capable of foretelling, we begin by putting an iron ring through the cartilage of his nose, and having thus barbarously deprived him of the power of searching for and analysing his food, we generally condemn him for the rest of his life to solitary confinement in a stye. While his faculties are still his own, only observe how with a bark or snort he starts if you approach him, and mark what shrewd intelligence there is in his bright twinkling little eye ; but with pigs, as with mankind idleness is the root of all evil. The poor animal, finding that he has absolutely nothing to do—having no enjoyment—nothing to look forward to but the pail which feeds him, naturally, most eagerly, or, as we accuse him, most greedily greets its arrival. Having no natural business or diversion within reach—nothing to occupy his brain—the whole powers of his system are directed to the digestion of a superabundance of food : to encourage this, Nature assists him with sleep, which, lulling his better faculties, leads his stomach to become the ruling power of his system—a tyrant, that can bear no one's presence but his own. The poor pig, thus treated, gorges himself—sleeps—eats again—sleeps —awakens in a fright—screams—struggles against a blue apron—screams fainter and fainter—turns up the whites of his little eyes—and—dies !"

(But to return to the General, whom, with his horn, his whip, and our author, we have left on the steep side of a barren mountain. In this situation do his troops remain every morning for four hours, enjoying little else than air and exercise : at about nine or ten o'clock they begin their march homewards, and nothing can form a greater contrast than their entry into their native town does to their exit from it :—

'They no sooner reached the first houses of the town, than a sort of 'sauve qui peut' motion took place—away each started towards his dulce domum, and it was really curious to stand still and watch how very quickly they cantered by, greedily grunting and snuffling, as if they could smell with their stomachs as well as their noses the savory food which was awaiting them.'

'At half-past four the same four notes of the same horn were heard again—the pigs once more assembled—once more tumbled over the hot stones on the mountain—once more remained there for four hours, and in the evening once again returned to their styes. Every day of their existence, summer and winter, is spent in the way I have described. The squad consists of about one hundred and fifty, and the poor old General receives about thirteen pence for six months' drilling of each recruit. His income, therefore, is about twenty pounds a-year out of which he has to pay the board, lodging and clothing, of his two aides de-camp ; and when one considers how unremittingly this poor fellow-creature has to contend with the gross appetites, sulky tempers, and obstinate dispositions of the swinish multitude, surely not even the Member for Middlesex would wish to reform his emoluments.'

ANTICIPATION. This cold world of ours, amidst its multiplicity of ills, and while it seems to delight alone, in throwing over man the hoar frosts of a soul-chilling destiny, is not without its redeeming intervals of happiness. There is a cheering Oasis in the drear wilderness of sorrows. A ray of Heavenly sunshine, that gleams occasionally through the woe beclouded darkness of human wanderings. Have we parted from those we love—love dearer—oh ! dearer than life itself ? And has the separation insulated us, cut us off from every earthly felicity, and left us sad and alone, though in the midst of cheerful faces. Has it made us aliens and strangers amidst the crowd that surrounds us ; with no other hold upon its good feeling, than the stranger's claim to a stranger's kindness ? There are still bright spots in the sombre shadowings of the scene, for the insulated heart has found, in every acquaintance a friend, and in every bosom the evidence of kind feeling ! but above all, there is, in the gloomiest hour of its loneliness, a mellow tint in the rainbow of hope, which nought but despair itself can obscure. It is the hope of meeting again the object of all that the heart prizes in its affections, and all it dwells upon in the musings of its anticipations ! Anticipation ! Thou art the sweetener of this bitter life. 'Tis thou that drivest gloom from the gloomy heart and chasest away the sorrows that intrude themselves upon the sorrowful. 'Tis thou that takest

"The sting from adieu ;"

that learnest us to forget the burning bitterness of the last 'farewell and God bless you,' in the accompanying redemption of the valedictory. 'We shall meet ere long.'

" 'Tis thou that learns the heart its flight
From present woe to hoped delight

COMMUNICATIONS.

For the New England Galaxy.

The following narrative was handed me in French by a friend from New York. He tells me that he has no doubt of the authenticity of the details, although the author has carefully suppressed every clue which might lead to his discovery. It is to be feared that but too many parallel cases might be related, and that the hopes of the emigrant from oppressed Poland, who imagines that he will meet with unbounded sympathy and relief in this country, but too often result in disappointment, sorrow and disgust. The subjoined translation is liberally rendered, but care has been taken to make no material alteration in the sense of the original. X.

NARRATIVE OF A YOUNG POLE.

I am a native of Warsaw. My father was an intelligent artizan of that place, who by continued industry had acquired a handsome property. My mother was a woman of higher rank, who had given offence to her relations by her marriage. Her virtues, my filial partiality could not even exaggerate. I think I never heard a sweeter, or better cultivated voice than hers, and her mastery over the piano was perfect. I had one sister—it is misery to think of her fate.

There was not a happier family in Warsaw than ours at the close of the year 1829. The wrongs of our oppressed country, it is true, would often dash with gloom our most joyful moments. But the savage and iniquitous Constantine had not yet broken in upon our little circle, by his tyrannical measures. None of our friends had been among the victims of his ferocity. And though the scenes which we daily witnessed were sufficient to rouse our indignation, yet my father's constitutional gaiety forbade him to look wholly on the dark side of things, and prevented us from falling into utter despondency and grief. He was one day accosted in the street by a friend, who in cautious language, deplored the national degradation, and recounted some fresh act of cruelty and oppression. My father assented to his remarks, and on parting exclaimed, in a tone of voice, which was indiscreetly loud: "*Eh bien; vive la joie! Le bon tems reviendra!*"* Just Heaven! those words were his doom! A Russian emissary of the tyrant had heard him utter them, and from that moment he was a marked man. The next day, a commissary of police, with a number of soldiers, entered the house. My father was forcibly torn from his family, and imprisoned in an unwholsome dungeon in the vicinity of a filthy drain. My mother strove to intercede with the Grand Duke for his pardon, but was ignominiously repulsed. We soon afterwards heard of his death, and the wreck of our property ensued. My sister, who was transcendently beautiful, became the forced paramour of a Russian officer. My mother declined gradually in health, but lived to see the first dawnings of the revolution. The vision of regenerated Poland seemed to rouse all the energies of her soul, and fill her emaciated frame with a new life. I was by her bedside. She spoke with an animation which surprised me. A glow kindled on her cheeks. An angelic brightness burned in her eyes, as she prayed to the Most High in behalf of her son and of her country.—It was her last effort. She sunk back exhausted. A quivering motion of utterance flickered along her lips, and ended in a peaceful smile. Convulsively her attenuated hand clasped mine. Paleness like a shadow chased the hectic from her face. I listened in vain for the sound of her breath. I laid my hand upon her forehead. It was cold—and then did I know that she was dead!

Did I weep, did I tear my hair, did I groan aloud, when my last and best friend upon earth lay before me inanimate? No. I was calm, very calm. But heaven is my witness! I have never smiled since.—Firmly and briefly I gave directions for her funeral, and saw her remains consigned decently to the ground. I was now alone.

How did I hail the unfolding of that spirit, which the Three Days of Paris raised to its highest pitch!—The 29th of November was the day fixed upon by the patriots for a general rising. On the evening of that day I witnessed the concerted signal—the burning of the house near the Vistula. No sooner had the flame burst forth from the roof, than cries of "To arms! Poland forever!" resounded from every quarter of the city. The cadets, headed by Schlegel and Wysocki, attacked the barracks of the Russian Guards, with the view of arresting the Grand Duke. The hireling soldiery were soon routed, but Constantine, as is well known, escaped. The cadets returned to the city without the loss of a man. In the Norvy-Swiat they were joined by two companies of infantry, while Potocki and Trembicki who opposed the revolutionary movement, were almost torn in pieces by the people. In the course of the night we attacked the arsenal, and supplied ourselves liberally with arms. I was present early the next morning in the Ulicka Dluga, where the assemblage of the patriots took place. You have already had descriptions of this singular and heart-stirring scene. A faint glow was just beginning to crimson the east, but it was still dark. Fires were kindled in different parts of the city, which threw a strange light along the streets. It was on this occasion, that the assembled multitude knelt down and with electric devotion, returned thanks to God for the success, which had thus far attended their arms, and prayed that he would ever bless their cause.

It is needless for me to go through a repetition of the events of the revolution—the glorious victories of Siedlic, Bialolenka, Grokow, Ryczynol and Ostrolenska—the fatal reverses which followed. I was with the forces under Dwernicki, at the time of his ill-omened expedition into Volhynia. Dwernecki in the course of his manœuvres in opposition to Rudiger, unfortunately invaded the Austrian frontier. After a warm action, the Austrian cavalry appearing in sight obliged us to lay down our arms, while the Russians were permitted to retire to Volhynia. With a companion, I escaped the vigilance of these tools of tyranny, and after many imprisonments and releases, after continued hardships and vexations, I arrived in Paris in March 1833. The sympathies of the French had been with us during our struggle but not their assistance. I found it much the same during our exile. Expressions of good will were showered upon us from all quarters, but very little substantial aid was afforded us. I managed to subsist by various subordinate occupations for a considerable time, and finally passed over to England. Wherever I went, I found shoals of my countrymen, many of whom were in a condition of abject penury and humiliation. I reached Liverpool at the commencement of the present year, and immediately took passage in an American vessel for New York. And here gratitude would impel me to mention the name and the kind services of the captain, with whom it was my good fortune to embark. But I know his honest nature would shrink from any acknowledgment. Not only did he refuse all remuneration for my passage, but he furnished me with a considerable sum, which I blush to reflect it has never been in my power to repay.

As we approached the American shores, my emotions grew painfully acute. I pictured to myself a reception, which, contrasted with that which it was my fate to experience, would be painfully ridiculous. I fancied that I should find enthusiasts in the cause of liberty, who would welcome with open arms, the survivors of those martyrs in her defence, who had bled for subjugated Poland. I believed that the countrymen of Kosciusko and of Pulaski would be every where hailed with respect and with hospitality. I dreamed of plenty, of sympathy, of honorable employment, of good feeling and of kindness.

On landing at New York, I waited upon a gentleman, a man of property and of education, to whom I was recommended to apply. He received me with courtesy, and entered into conversation with me in French. I told him my story, to which he seemed to listen attentively. He then questioned me closely upon my military career, and catechised me upon certain geographical points connected with it. At last rising with the air of a man, who prides himself upon his superior sagacity and discrimination, he turned upon me a glance, which made the blood mount high in my forehead, and coolly expressed his conviction that I was an imposter. Good God! what were my feelings at that moment! I shook the dust from off my shoes, and quitted the house without deigning to reply to the abrupt and savage slander.—I afterwards received a note from this man apologising for his conduct, and admitting that he had been in error with regard to the geographical point, on which he had pretended to expose my ignorance.—He added that he had been misled in consequence of using maps, which had been constructed before the Congress of Vienna. He made no offer of assistance neither did he invite me to another interview.*

I continued in the humble tenement, where I had originally taken up my abode, until my slender resources were wholly exhausted. I must confess that I had been considerably disheartened by the specimen of American cordiality which I had recently witnessed, and felt an invincible repugnance to make advances, which I apprehended would be coldly met. But it was now necessary that something should be done to avert the prospect of starvation, which stared me in the face. I went forth and made application to several persons of wealth and standing. One man took from his purse a half dollar piece, and handed it to me with a patronising air. Another told me that provision had been made by Congress for all Polish emigrants, that he had been annoyed by many similar applications, and expected to be by more, as whole cargoes of my countrymen were soon expected. Some great and paramount excitement seemed to be operating upon all classes. The commercial interests of the country were, I was told, destroyed. Others asserted that their liberties were at stake, and that a monied aristocracy was making efforts to put down the free spirit of the people. One man told me to go back and kiss the feet of the autocrat of all the Russias, for that a baser despot ruled here. He added, "I am a ruined man. Don't apply to me." Nowhere has it yet been my good fortune to meet with generous assistance, or with brotherly advice.

Last week I was obliged to quit the pitiful lodgings where I have thus far found a shelter. Since that I have suffered more than I could ever have imagined it to have been in my power to endure. Many to whom I have told my story regard me with distrust and often with undisguised incredulity. My nationality has even been contested; and when I state that I have been in battle, I am asked to show my scars. Some say that my youth belies the truth of my narrative, and others remark that my features are not those of a Pole. But the general interrogation is, "Why don't you work?" My reply is, "give me work. There is no employment so menial that I will not undertake it—no occupation so low that I will not accept it, so it compromit not my sacred honor!"

* * * *

I am weak, discouraged, and ill at ease. I feel like a weed flung on the vast ocean of events, and tossed from wave to wave without respite, without an abiding place. But there is a haven, a shore of peace.—It is glorious to reflect that the hour may be near at hand when I shall join those friends and compatriots, who have gone before me to the world of spirits. The hope is my sole consolation now. I would not part with it for the treasures of the world.

March 17, 1834.

* I have the name of this man, and am half inclined to give it.—*Translator.*

MARRIED AND SINGLE.

The two following articles came to us together, in different handwritings, but were evidently written by persons who had an understanding together. We were at first at a loss to which give the precedence to in publication; then it became debateable matter with us whether to publish them at all or not: we determined at last to publish both together, that the 'bane and the antidote' might be found at the same time.

For the New England Galaxy.

Mr Editor—I am not a married man, nor do I think, I shall be very soon, should the mad cap idea of perpetrating so rash an act ever enter my head. A married life holds out in perspective, too great an increase of the 'ills that flesh is heir to,' to allow me for a moment to think of of it. Happy from morning to night—week in, and week out, why should I incur the expense of a wife, as well as the risk of being shaved in a contract to take one, which by the way is no uncommon thing? As I am, I hear nothing of the musical notes which are so often rung in the ears of an unlucky husband by his darling spouse. Just imagine the following recitative: 'We are out of wood! The door bell pull is broken! The boiler leaks! The cistern is dry! You must get some flour! The potatoes are frozen! The butter is gone! The windows want cleaning! The carpets want shaking:—or won't you get a new one, and I'll put this in the chambers?' While to this strain he has as a running accompaniment, the dulcet notes of some half dozen 'pledges,' varying in depth and volume of sound from the shrill treble of 12 months to the deep bass of 12 years!

Chafed, jaded, provoked with the world, weary of business and plodding, sick of the cry of 'hard times,' and sicker still of the *effect*, find Madam in want of $20 to buy a new bonnet and dress, and then there are house rent and taxes (though by the way, this paying taxes on a house is what I should never agree to), and the butcher's, the baker's, and the milkman's bills.—To begin with the account of the day and relate it methodically. Breakfast is late because the milkman has not come (and the milk he leaves is half water)—the dinner is burnt and spoiled, or on going home for it, find a *caller* who must be got rid of before the table can be set. Got seated at table at last and hear a thundering rapping at the door as if the house was on fire; start to your feet and hurry to ascertain the cause; find it a beggar who thrusts into your hand a wretchedly written petition for charity half a yard long. Close the door in a pet and return to the table to find that passion has driven away your appetite.

Then—though but a small matter in comparison with others, the girl of the kitchen has taken possession of the parlor—has grown saucy or impudent, has been stealing and lying, or has turned out for higher wages, although she already has as much as is paid by any one. The cold victuals beggars that steal your silver spoons, and the country cousins that live upon you for months and steal your only chance of happiness, that of sitting for an hour at a time alone with your wife—and last, but not least, to receive a notice from your landlord a fortnight before your lease expires, notifying you that at its expiration he intends to occupy it himself; then there is—there is—in short, there is enough else that a single man knows nothing about and much that he little dreams of.

Turn we from the picture I have thus faintly drawn of the miseries of the married man, to the comfortable situation of your humble servant. As I remarked before, I am a bachelor, a happy one. Every celibate has occasional waverings from the faith, and when I find myself looking wistfully to the apparent happiness of the married ones, I just recall to my mind the exact state of the case as I have laid it down at the commencement of my article. No wife buries me with her long stories of domestic troubles, and no children pipe their evening hymn in one. I am my own man. [illegible] Monday morning—when I say 'Shall I not take mine ease in my house?' For mine, my boarding house essentially is, while I occupy it—with this among other advantages over the man who is tied to a wife—I can shift my quarters if I have cause for dissatisfaction, while he however dissatisfied with his lot, must carry his trouble with him, migrate he ever so often; unless indeed he run away from his spouse. I can scowl or look good humored, as best becomes my mood, and no one asks me why—whereas your married miserable must explain to his rib the cause of every emotion indicated on his tell tale phiz. My landlady, who deems me an especial good boarder, (and such in sooth I am,) takes every care to render my home comfortable—and the only provision I have to make, is to see my board paid monthly. No butcher's, baker's, or brewer's bill disturbs my philosophy; (would I could say as much of the tailor's)—and no time hangs heavy on my hands. Notwithstanding the exaggerated representations of my married neighbor (poor henpecked devil—between you and I his wife wrote the article) I am resolved to remain a bachelor to the end of the chapter. Q.

Mr Editor—I *am* a married man, and notwithstanding the dolorous picture my friend Q draws of connubialities, I would not exchange my situation for that of any bachelor in the Union. I do not feel as he does, alone in the world, and if I have a wife and children dependent upon me, I am dependent upon them for comfortable winter evenings—and as in grammar two negatives amount to an affirmative, so our mutual dependence upon each other amounts to independence of every one else. Our domestic relations are an "American System," in miniature. We regulate our family policy upon the principle that it is unnecessary and foolish to go abroad for what can be had as cheap at home. I have no occasion to visit the Theatres, and other places of amusement, evening after evening to *kill time*—time is too precious with me, and too pleasantly spent at home to wish to get rid of it. Nothing takes me unawares, for my wife as well as myself, keeps an eye to windward, and to show the poor celibate "Q" the difference between his condition and mine, let him look at the following picture.

Say, then that he boards out, and his boarding place is none of the best, and this class of boarding house, by the way, are by far no small majority. Think then, what an enviable situation is his, and how excessively happy his life must pass. He has no care of providing—no rents—no locking up of the house at night to attend to; all these being performed by the landlady, the latter, more particularly, as he finds to his cost, if he chances to be out after a certain hour, being obliged to seek lodgings elsewhere. Admit, however, he may be so lucky as to get in after the hour at which the door is wont to be locked, as is sometimes the case, the landlady being busied about the house, perhaps preparing a decoction from old boots or hats to serve as coffee for the morning's breakfast, and if it is a cold night, he finds the fire carefully "raked up" to keep till morning, which said fire, fearing a volley from madam's tongue for staying out late, he would no more dare to rake open before her face, than he would to break open the closet if he is hungry, which it would be necessary for him to do to get any thing to eat, but both of which he would readily do were he satisfied that she was safely out of sight and hearing.

A half trimmed lamp which oils wherever it touches, is then his company to bed, where he rolls and tumbles half the night, if indeed he is not too tired to do so, before he gets to sleep, because of the bunches in the feathers; notwithstanding his landlady assured him at the time he took lodgings that they were real live geese, and cost her fifty cents per pound. That they are so, or at least that they are geese feathers, he has some reason to doubt, though he is perfectly satisfied, and can *show* convincing proof that they at least possess vitality.

In the morning a cracked bell awakes him half an hour before breakfast, and is again rung at breakfast time as if indeed bell-ringing were a [illegible] in such boarding house keepers are remarkably liberal in this, and other matters of etiquette, for they cost nothing.

At breakfast he sees a plentiful array of crockery and glass ware—for boarding-house tables are seldom wanting in that respect, they being articles which can neither be eaten or drank, and finds thinly scattered about, plates containing each a few leaden cakes—hot rolls, I should say; one containing a few eggs, in number so small that if each boarder partook of them, about half an one only would be afforded to each, and a couple more containing ham or steak so drily cooked as to bear faint resemblance to any thing save sole leather. These, with a meagre sort of fish-soup, which in the landlady's nomenclature is termed *coffee*, is dealt out in cups two thirds full, which measure Mrs Sponge, who always sits at the head of the table, calls fashionable; this ingredient is slightly tinged with thin skim milk, which she calls cream, and a pungency given it by the insertion of an article miscalled sugar.

During the meal, Madam is very attentive and takes a great interest in the welfare of her boarders, something after this manner—"I hope your coffee is agreeable," (it were a thing impossible) "let me help you to a piece more of the ham, or do you prefer the steak?" "will you take a piece of butter?"—*butter* indeed, it makes me sick at the stomach to think of the stuff that is substituted for so desirable a condiment.

Dinner is generally less revolting, for if the food is no better it is at least served in much greater quantity, so that if a boarder is present when the bell rings or half an hour after the fixed dinner hour, for that is about the time the bell rings he may chance to make a tolerable dinner—but not later, for as Mrs Sponge says, she calculates so exactly how much is necesary for her boarders that it soon vanishes.

At tea time the table presents another array of china and silver spoons with little else save a wish-wash fluid which takes the place of tea, and a few slices of dry bread, enough perhaps to starve a cat—this completes the substance of his boarding for one day. If he complains, he is called difficult, but if he succumbs, as many do to such treatment, he is extolled to all the grannies of Mrs Sponge's acquaintance, as a very gentleman. But if he is sick—what then? why it is so much the better for his landlady; his food is saved, and something is made by the charges which he finds in his next bill for a fire in his room, herb tea, &c.

For the New England Galaxy

THE KEMBLES.

During their *last* engagement, these actors have drawn pretty good houses at the Tremont. To speak in commendation of their talents would only be to repeat what has been said a thousand times, with and without reason, by newspaper writers—and to express myself otherwise than *puffatorially*, would be absurd in the extreme, an unfashionable act of folly. Transatlantic puffs preceded them to America, and puff, puff, puff—has been the order of the day since their arrival, till the tale of their excellence is a matter of course, like a haberdasher's superlative in speaking of his goods. I hardly think they will be canonized, or voted demigods till after death, at any rate, for Mr Kemble seems determined that while breath is spared to "me and my daughter, Fanny," their appearance in propria persona shall convince people that "the Kembles" are mortals.

Their "Farewell" has been announced, and although I doubt whether they go into retirement till it becomes evident nothing more can be made by "appearing," allow me to be the first to congratulate them upon the prospect, distant though it be, of their leaving the stage.

I have seen them but once, since their [illegible] and then from about [illegible] Monday evening—The play was Isabella, and to say that Kemble's Biron was a classic piece of acting would be a wrong I would not readily do my conscience. Mr Manager Barry's personation of Carlos I thought the best performance which I have seen by him.

The singing in the third act, though I do not pretend to a musical ear, I will venture an opinion was execrable, and such a confusion of sounds as would disgrace any stage, much more the Tremont. It would be better I think that the music were omitted in such cases, if the trouble of a rehearsal preparatory to a public performance is too much for the choristers.

☞

NEW ENGLAND GALAXY.

SATURDAY EVENING, APRIL 5, 1834.

H. HASTINGS WELD,—Editor.

London Quarterly Review, January, 1834. Republished by Lilly, Wait & Co. For contents, see advertisement.

Poor Law Question. This number of the Review contains an article upon the subject of pauperism in Great Britain, from which we gather the facts following. The 'Allowance System' is of thirty years standing, and appears to have been introduced by the justices during the scarcity of 1800 and 1801. The reviewer deems the practice 'opposed in spirit as well as in letter to the original and real poor law,' 'unauthorized by any statute, and consequently illegal.'—If we understand the system, the laborer whose wages have been insufficient to the support of himself and family, has had the sum necessary to their subsistence made up to them from the parish rates—so that the amount of *wages* received was of no import—the parish supplying the deficiency. As some of the consequences of such a system, the following are cited: Young men have been induced to improvidept marriages. A parish overseer says, 'Whilst the allowance system went on, it was a common thing for young people to come to me for parish relief two or three days after they were married:—nay, I have had them come out of church, and apply for a loaf of bread to eat, and for a bed to lie on that night!' Persons receiving the allowance once, always cling to it, and having once got a 'pension ticket,' giving them a claim to a weekly allowance, expect it all their lives. It is often given without enquiry, and to make up lost time; thieves and abandoned women have claimed and received it. Instances have occurred where it was extorted by violence.

The 'allowance' has been substituted for wages in whole parishes. Farmers and manufacturers have discharged their men in order to receive them back as *paupers*, the parish paying part of their wages.—Widows have an unquestioned title to it, whatever their earnings. In fine, the tendency of the whole system is to reduce laborers to the condition of serfs, and throw the burden of their maintenance, not on the employers but the community at large. In some parishes the magistrates have refused to allow any money to a man who was employed on wages. They proffer the needy, *employment* by, and *pay* from, the parish, and refuse the latter unless purchased by the former. This obliges employers to raise the rate of wages to a living sum. These exertions of individuals have, however, been inadequate to stem the ruinous effects of the 'system,' and it has gained ground, inasmuch as we have seen that a laborer who forfeits his independence by receipts of aid from the poor rates sells himself to pauperism, and pauperism by becoming common, is far from being dreaded. The riots of 1830, may be deemed the effect of this method of supporting the laborer by parish rates instead of his honest earnings. The attention of Government has been called to the reform of such a state of things, and the Reviewer draws his facts from publications made by commissioners. Complaint is made of the dilatoriness of the Ministry in relation to the subject, as the commissioners have been two years appointed and have not as yet made a final report.

Memoirs and Poems of Phillis Wheatley.—Boston. G. W. Light. This is a reprint of a volume published in England in 1773, under the auspices of the Countess of Huntingdon. The authoress, a memoir of whom is prefixed to this volume, was a slave, who became the property of Mr John Wheatley, of Boston, in 1761. She early gave evidence of an amiable disposition, and a desire for education. Her mistress made a protege rather than a slave, of the young African. Phillis was not required, or permitted to serve as a domestic, and many of the literati of that day noticed and supplied her with books. In 1773 she visited England, and in the year following returned to America to witness the death of her kind mistress. Mr Wheatley soon followed his wife to the grave—the daughter died soon after, and the son of her benefactors was settled in England. Phillis was consequently left destitute. She married a Mr Peters, which match was productive of any thing but happiness to her and died in comparative obscurity. The gloomy period during and succeeding the Revolutionary War left people little leisure to look after the destitute, and less ability to relieve distress. For further particulars we refer the reader to the book, and after reading the circumstances under which her writings were composed, an impartial opinion may be formed of their merit. They are generally of a grave cast, and will be proudly claimed by the friends of Africans as a proof of their intellectual capacity.

Journal of the Franklin Institute. This periodical is well worth its subscription price for its notices of the patents issued for every thing under the sun, from machines for the manufacture of cucumber seeds to steam engines and water wheels. In the number before us among divers others is a notice of a patent machine for printing on a continuous sheet. The patentee says—

"With the imperfect press by means of which he has experimented, he has seen a length of paper printed in ten seconds, sufficient to make eleven sheets of medium, with paper only two feet in width, whilst he has it in contemplation to extend this width to ten or even *twenty*." Whew! Spirit of Faust, if you are in the habit of walking the earth now just keep yourself away hereafter, for the next generation will make you ashamed of your pretensions. A sheet *twenty* feet wide and length interminable—what say you to this, oh, men of type and press? Napier's Imperial will be consigned to nurseries—and steam presses will be used only for taking proof.

Badinage aside. This scheme will not go, for the simple reason that it is incapable of practical application. The idea of printing with impressions taken from a roll as proposed here, will answer for calico printing, but not for letter press.

Diedrich Knickerbocker is the title of a new play in which Hackett sustains the principal character, about to be brought out at the Park, New York. Like all modern pieces written for *Stars*, we suppose *Diedrich* is the only part in the piece—and the shadows of the others may as well be cast to supernumeraries.

Licenses. The Board of Alderman of this city have passed a resolve putting the following restrictions upon Licenses to Innholders, Retailers, and Victuallers. No alien, and no person convicted of a breach of the License Laws, or of the Laws in relation to Gambling, or of keeping a disorderly house, is to be licensed. A right to revoke licenses will be reserved by the board, and competent recommendation must be exhibited by the person applying. No license will be granted to sell in any obscure or unusually retired place, or where from any cause, the character of the house will not be exposed to the observation of the public of this city.

PENCIL READ.

Divers of our correspondents have Apropos'd us in sundry paragraphs upon the comments which have, very foolishly, we think been ordered for the Frigate Constitution. It would not have derogated at all from General Jackson's character, if he had evinced his contempt for such small flattery by forbidding it when he knew it was in contemplation—though in extenuation it should be recollected that the subject was first broached when all political parties were vieing with each other in persuading the old gentleman that he was before his predecessors, and chief among the chiefest men living. At or about the same time also, an honor, equally unexpected, and certainly less merited and more malapropos, was conferred on the President of the United States by the Government of Harvard University.

But setting aside these palliative considerations, and admitting all the criminality of Andrew Jackson's vanity, we see even then nothing to get in such a tremendous passion about. If vanity were a hanging matter we should meet a gibbet at every corner, and pendent thereto many of the Editorial fraternity, and not a few of those who think they can bully a naval officer, backed by the whole Jackson party, out of worshipping the man of their choice, and building up an image of him. Anonymous letters, threats of tar and feathers, flaming handbills, and all the machinery of political demagogues, have been put in request to frighten Commodore Elliot into throwing away a something which has cost some $400. If he is thus bullied from his purpose we hope he will be made acquainted with the process of making a man a feathered biped. He should give up his commission rather than his idol.

We decidedly disapprove of the ornaments proposed for old Ironsides. But the completion of them will not disgrace the ship, or the nation, any farther than it will be a standing monument of the vanity of the man who is placed at the head of it,—a failing pardonable in an old man, who has been persuaded by those directly about him, that he is the most popular man living.

Mr Mossix. This gentleman's imitations of public speakers and Congressional orators, given at the Masonic Temple, are highly spoken of by those acquainted with the originals. Mr Mossix's own manner of speaking is worthy of imitation, and the anecdotes by which he illustrates the manners of the speakers of whom he gives imitations,—and his accounts of incidents illustrative of the Congressional speeches which he *re-delivers*, are interesting, and well told. As proof of the interest his exercises excite among his audiences, we would state that on the occasions on which we have been present, they sat out the whole evening, without evincing any impatience; and there was no *bolting* from the hall till the close of the exercise. We consider a couple of hours well and profitably spent in listening to Mr Mossix.

Lynn Hotel. We understand that the Messrs A. & D. N. Breed are about to relinquish the Lynn Hotel to Mr A. C. C. Field. This establishment has long been noted as an excellent house, and will lose nothing by the contemplated change. Mr Field is a gentleman well experienced in the modes of making his guests feel at home.

Buckingham's Magazine for April, is more than usually interesting. The first of the original papers, "Thoughts on National Character, illustrated by the history of Greece," is an excellent article, and contains facts which go to contradict the generally received opinions of that country. As a whole, this number contains a good variety of matter.

Frank Orby, a Novel, by one of the Eleven. New York, Harper & Brothers. The author says in the preface that this is his first essay at authorship,—an unnecessary statement, as the fact is apparent in the pages—as also is the model he has attempted to follow. Too many characters—too many incidents which have no relation to the plot—too many tedious digressions—a certain harshness of style—one or two impossibilities—and some unnecessary horribles are the principal faults. The two volumes are, however, very interesting, and contain a considerable portion of wit and some decent puns, together with not a few capital hits at divers things and persons. It is just such a book as one often has while reading half a mind to throw down, but alters his opinion upon reaching the next page, and at "finis" would like another volume.

Mr Fowle concluded his course of Lectures upon Phrenology on Thursday evening last at the Temple. They have been well attended, and the science is said to be gaining many advocates. *Our* hat still stands upon its reserved rights, and will not yield an inch to the disciples of Gall and Spurzheim.

Hon James Blair. This gentleman, member of Congress from South Carolina, put an end to his life on Tuesday evening last, by shooting himself through the head with a pistol. He died instantly. The correspondent of the New York Journal of Commerce states, that for some weeks his mind has been much agitated by religious subjects.

☞ Subscribers to the Essex Tribune must excuse the omission of the number due them this day. The arrangements could not possibly be completed for publishing the Galaxy in Lynn this week.

☞ The *child* advertised as the daughter of Mr Anthony David, in the Galaxy of last week, and of whom he had heard nothing since 1819, is now the wife of a respectable master mechanic, in this city.

Comparisons. "Foh! I hate your tobacco smoke!" said an exquisite, "it *smells* worse than brimstone; it does upon ma word, don't it sir?"

Corporal Nym, who was here appealed to said, "Don't like to answer, 'Comparisons are *odorous*,' as Dogberry hath it."

Conundrums. "Why," said Corporal Nym, pointing to the hearth of a stove, "is that pan like Westminster Abbey?" Because it receives the ashes of the *Greats*.

"Why are 'Blue Books' like faith?" Because like printer's bills they are the evidence of things hoped for, the substance of things unseen.

Too much of a good thing. A gentlemen in this city ordered from England a variety of Garden and Hay seeds, and among the rest seven or eight *pounds* Cauliflower. The order for the latter stood directly beneath, and parallel to, an order for some *bushels* hayseed, and the character intended for *lbs* was mistaken by his correspondent for *do*. Accordingly *bushels* were forwarded where *pounds* of the article were ordered—a supply sufficient for all the gardens in New England.

The Tam O'Shanter Groupe. J. H. Field, Esq proprietor of this groupe of statuary, now exhibiting at New Orleans, has with commendable liberality appropriated the proceeds of three days' exhibition for the benefit of the Orphan Asylum of that city.

"Liberty." A correspondent of the Montreal Herald says to the French Canadians "if your man Papineau should write "Liberty" on a stone wall, your people would all dash their brains out against it!"

There is more in the above than at first meets the eye—and it is not calculated for one meridian alone. It is even so all over the world. A leader has only to hold up a shadow, or a semblance of some Utopian object of desire—some state of political beatitude which exists only in theory, and away go the whole herd, as madly as a dog with a bottle at his heels, and as heedlessly as a flock of sheep following nothing but the bell-wether.

Statue of Byron. In the Studio of Thorwaldsen, in Rome, is a statue of the noble Poet. He is represented sitting upon a cornice, with his foot resting upon a broken column. "His right hand holds a pencil against his chin, his left a book which he has been perusing. He has turned away from it, and his mind seems to rush on over the tide of ideas which it has created." The sentence last quoted is from the Journal of the late H. B. McLellan. A young artist writes from Rome to the Editor of the Baltimore Visiter, that although a beautiful composition, this statue did not altogether please him. The artist excels in works of fancy or history, but as soon as he descends to portraiture, the work becomes formal." Thorwalsden is considered the greatest sculptor now living.

In the different opinions expressed by the two gentlemen quoted above, we read enthusiasm of two descriptions. The artist, like all others of his class, looks for imagination and skilfulness of execution in the works he visits, and measures the merit of them by his standard of the beautiful in conception. Portraiture he considers a descent. The traveler takes Byron's face and figure as he finds it, and satisfied with what he learns is a correct likeness of the poet, gives the thought of the original to the portrait.

The Constellation. Porter inquires how we know that Figaro stands 'six feet four' in his stockings. We *drew* the inference that he was 'long *drawn* out' from the following circumstances. He wastes his breath in sighs for every pretty actress he sees—and more abundantly and especially for Fanny Kemble,—hear him.—

"So we are soon to lose her—probably *forever!*—and much we fear—

'We shall not look upon her like again.'

She will carry with her into that retirement she is so well calculated to make as happy and joyous as her own pure spirit, the most general and cordial good wishes for her continued health, prosperity and happiness, of all who like ourselves have admired the originality and classic beauties of her peerless performances, and still more of that brilliant circle who have enjoyed the pleasure of her acquaintance and society. The indissoluble that will ever bind her to this country, apart from very many hallowed associations and fond recollections, we trust will serve to return her to it in good time, so that we do not 'sorrow most for all that we shall see her face no more,'—and we certainly know of no officer in the household *save and except one only*, we should have *preferred* to her choice of the—*Butler!*"

Now, to use a stale pun, it is impossible that such *high-hose* should fit any but a mile of a man. Besides if dame Nature had made a small mortal of Figaro, he would, by this constant practice of weeping, have wasted himself to a non-entity long ago. Give it up, give it up Porter, bandage your head, take some wormwood tea and go to bed upon it. We warrant you will soon see another

'As blooming and as fair as she.'

Legislative Modesty. Our Legislature being in session on Wednesday, to conclude unfinished business, ordered the pay roll, which had been previously made up to include Tuesday, to be made up including Wednesday and Thursday; thus drawing on the treasury for *fast day*, on which day many of the country members were on their way home, and some reached the comfortable domicils, which nothing short of two dollars a day would have kept them away from so long. A profitable day's work enough—drawing both *mileage* and *per diem*. It is due to the Boston members, and to the Speaker, to state that they refused this *extra allowance*.

☞ No Liverpool Mercury last week. How is that Mynheer Von Sturtevant?

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Jonathan's Address" is rejected.

"Journal of a Lounger," on *file*.

"The Times," will appear next week.

"Ellen Humphrey," found out columns preoccupied this week—will appear in the next number.

"J. L. P." may apply to himself the last lines of his inimitable effusion.

"Cross Readings," in a future number.

"Artaxerxes"—inadmissible.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

FOREIGN.

The evening edition of the N. York Journal of Commerce, and the American and Commercial of Monday, furnish news from Liverpool to Feb. 26, which is fifteen days later than the latest news before received.—The news is not important.

Liverpool, Feb. 25. The following is an extract of a letter dated Lisbon, Feb. 8th—

'The Miguelites, in great force, (about 3000 men) have marched down from Santarem, and have appeared at Aldea Gallega, just opposite to this city.—I have been told that some vessels of war have been firing on them all day. If care be not taken, they will get possession of St Ubes, and the fort of Almada, which is directly opposite the centre of the city. Without foreign interference the war will be interminable. Miguel's troops stand by him, they are neither half fed nor half clothed. This is not less true than surprising. Miguel has nearly the whole country in his favour.'

Miguel is said to have offered an amnesty to Pedro's followers, promising to send the whole of the English and other foreign ragamuffins in Donna Maria's service to their respective countries. At the departure of the Pantaloon this proposition had not been accepted by Pedro. The two principal officers in the Queen's service the Duke of Terceira and General Saldanha, had quarrelled.

The intelligence from Spain is of a very vague and meagre character. The Queen's ministers do not seem to be acting in the manner best adapted to promote the interests or secure the tranquility of the country. By the influence of court intrigues it appears that Mina is prevented returning to Spain, and thus the country will be deprived not only of his services, but also of those of several of the talented constitutionalists, who make their return to Sp in contingent on that of Mina.

From the accounts in the Paris papers it would seem that the popularity of Louis Philippe is now rapidly on the wane. The cause of this is stated to be, the Prefect of Police at Paris having ordered all the theatres to be closed at eleven o'clock, whether the performance was finished or not.

London, Feb. 24. The tumults at Marseilles have been suppressed, but those at Lyons still continue, while in Paris a considerable degree of agitation prevails.

The Committee of Privileges appointed by the House of Commons to examine, into the charge against the *Shiel*, had reported 'their deliberate conviction of the innocence in respect of the whole matter; and Mr Hill, on whose speech at Hull, we believe, the whole accusation was grounded, concurred entirely in the result and expressed to the Committee 'his deep and unfeigned sorrow for ever having given the charge circulation.'

Gen Lafayette was still indisposed at the last dates from Paris.

The London Courier of the 24th contradicts a rumor circulating, that there was a schism in the Cabinet.

London, Feb. 24. A new treaty between Russia and Turkey, very much in favor of the latter, was concluded at St. Petersburg on the 27th last month. By this treaty, that of Adrianople is materially modified; the amount of the debt due by the Porte is very much diminished; part of the principalities of Moldavia and Wallachia is given at once to the Porte, and the remainder is to be given upon the execution of the conditions. The frontiers of Turkey on the side of Persia are to be considerable extended. This information is official.—*Spectator.*

Paris, Feb. 22. The subject of conversation in every society in Paris, for the last few days, is the lamentable state of Lyons, where the workmen, [illegible] out proceeding to acts of serious outrage, still evince a determination to hold out until their terms are granted, and above all display an organized system of combination extending to various other manufacturing towns, which creates serious uneasiness, lest to any attempts at disorder which these men may resort to—for the authorities have, [illegible] taken ample precautions against [illegible] dreadful scenes of which Lyons was the theatre in 1831—then looking to the [illegible] a considerable force upon the [illegible]

From Smyrna. We have received Smyrna papers to Feb. 6. They contain accounts from Constantinople to the 24. They make no mention of the treaty between Russia and the Porte, of which we have an account in the English papers. M. Orloff, not the Count, was expected from St. Petersburg. it was at first reported on a special mission, but it was afterwards said on a journey of pleasure The negotiations were still going on, for a treaty of commerce between Turkey and Greece. The government had resolved on decisive measures for reducing to submission the inhabitants of Samos. Repeated violent shocks of an earthquake had been felt at Scio, and the island had suffered severely from violent hurricanes. —*D. Advertiser.*

DOMESTIC.

City Affairs. At a meeting of the Mayor and Aldermen on Monday:

Ordered, that Aldermen Ellis, Gurney, Greele, and Elliot, be a standing committee on licenses; and said committee were instructed to visit every place, and examine every applicant for a license; and that all applications for licenses be referred to them.

Petition of Stephen Brewer, and 1022 others, praying that no victuallers licenses be granted—referred.

The committee on the subject of paving streets made a report, that a committee be appointed to consist of one from each district, to whom shall be referred all petitions for the paving of any street, and the subject of paving generally; hereafter that no street be paved without a report to that effect by said committee—read and accepted, and Aldermen Wetmore-Leighton, Fales and Dunham, were appointed agreeably to said report.

Revenue of Boston. The revenue of Boston from January 1st to December 31st, 1832, was $5,-01,839 36—from January 1st to December 31st, 1833, $3,795,036 71. The revenue arising on merchandise imported from January 1st to March 31st of this year, $642,200 00—during the same time last year, $913,-00 00. The number of foreign arrivals up to March 31st, 1834, 160—during the same time last year, 153 —the number of foreign clearances for the same time this year 170—the clearances last year during the corresponding time, was 150.—*Post.*

A number of the citizens of Charlestown have published a hand-bill, cautioning the public against 'an old man calling himself Dr John G Lambright, who is depredating on the lives, health and property of the community by his specious pretences to cure all diseases incident to the human system.' It is written down that Lambright is an 'unconscionable dog'—and an imposter. He appears to be a German; speaks broken English; is of small stature, about sixty years of age and walks lame.—*Post*

The man found drowned in the dock at the head of Long wharf, on Monday morning, was Mr Thayer, a carpenter, from Hingham. He came to the city for the purpose of having a cancer removed. His body has been delivered to his friends.—*Trans.*

During the month of March *fifty thousand* ship letters were received at the New York Post Office.

The Jail limits have been extended, by act of the Legislature, to the bounds of each town in the Commonwealth where there is a jail.

Mr. Audubon. The National Gazette, of Monday, says: "We had the pleasure to day of seeing Mr Audubon, the celebrated naturalist. He has just returned from his Southern expedition, in excellent health, and is about to visit England again."

At a late meeting of a Typographical Society in Washington, Isaac Hill was present. His health being drank, he rose and pulling a *writtha speech* from his pocket, began by reading as follows,—'Mr President being *unexpectedly* called upon by the toast just offered!'

The 234 Poles who have arrived at N. York in the Austrian Frigates, have been distributed for the present about the city, under the care of different gentlemen until further measures can be adopted concerning them. Each one is provided with $40 through the liberality of the Austrian Government, which will answer their necessities for the moment. Among them are two Capuchin Friars. The Austrian Officers pay a visit to the city on Friday, and the usual courtesies have been exchanged between them and the American Officers on that station.—*Transcript.*

The money stolen from the Cashier of the Scituate Bank R. I. has been discovered in the cellar of the house of Harris, the suspected person.

The editor of the Moulton Whig advertises for an apprentice and appends half a column of remarks to prove that a man may be a printer, and a respectable sort of a man, at the same time.

The citizens of Burlington, Vt. are in a high fever in consequence of the robbery of the grave-yard in that town, of two bodies. Two persons accused of the crime have been put under $1000 bonds.

MASSACHUSETTS LEGISLATURE.

Monday, March 31. In Senate,—An order was passed, (in which the House concurred) providing for the appointment of the select joint committee to inquire into the expediency of making jail limits equal with the limits of the town in which a jail is located. Bill providing for the protection of sepulchres passed to be engrossed—22 to 5. The bill concerning the offices of the Adjutant and Acting Quarter Master General were referred to the next General Court. Passed to be enacted—to incorporate trustees of 1st Baptist church in Lexington—in addition to an act imposing duties on sales at auction—declaring inhabitants of counties competent witnesses in certain cases—concerning lease-holders for long terms.

In the House,—The Bill relating to Parishes and religious freedom, passed to be re-engrossed, in concurrence, agreeably to the report of the committee of conference. The Hall was granted to Stephen Whitney *et als*, for an anti-masonic State Convention on the 10th of September next. Passed to be enacted—Bills to establish district of Marshpee—in addition to an act to establish the Andover and Wilmington Rail Road Corporation—authorising the Boston and Providence Rail Road Corporation to construct a branch rail road to Dedham village—concerning the islands and beaches in Boston harbor—to prevent gaming—for the more speedy recovery of damages caused by laying out highways—*to abolish imprisonment for debt*—to establish the Massachusetts School Fund—concerning the assessment of taxes in school districts—concerning meetings of school districts—act to regulate the jurisdictions and proceedings of courts of probate. The pay roll was ordered to be made up, including Tuesday.

Tuesday April 1. In Senate.—The bill to regulate institutions for savings came from the House, with further amendments—concurred. The select committee on the resolve on the petition of Wm Vans, reported on its postponement to the next Legislature—accepted. A bill was reported imposing further duties on the Attorney General, which was read twice and laid on the table. The Clerk was directed to make up the pay roll of the Senate, which was subsequently presented by him, amounting to $7371. *Passed to be engrossed*—bill enlarging limits of County Jail in Boston—establishing the salary of Attorney General.

In the House.—The bill making written memorandums necessary to the validity of certain promises and engagements passed to be enacted. The pay roll amounting to $90484, was reported, and the requisite resolution for its payment, passed. The bill concerning Masonic Societies was read a second time, and referred a third reading.

Bills passed to be enacted in both Houses. Providing for the payment of the Judge of the Municipal Court in Boston—relating to parishes and religious freedom—for the prevention of fraud and embezzlement—for the maintenance of pounds and concerning impounding cattle—to reduce capital stock of People's Bank—in addition to an act more effectually to protect the sepulchres of the dead—to incorporate the south wharf company in Boston.

Wednesday, April 2. In Senate—passed to be enacted—Bills to establish the salary of the Attorney General—providing for the collection of bonds, notes, and other securities due the Commonwealth—to incorporate institutions for savings in Andover, Hingham, Wellfleet, Greenfield, Scituate, Nantucket and Lexington—to regulate institutions for savings—enlarging the limits of the several jail yards—to provide a salary for the County Attorney for the county of Suffolk—to regulate Banks and Banking—an order was passed authorizing President of Senate to appoint all necessary commissioners for taking depositions, &c. in the case of Wm. Vans (the House concurred.) An additional pay roll including to-morrow, was ordered to be made up. The usual joint order was passed, informing the Governor that the business of the session is closed, and requesting him, with advice of council to prorogue them to the Tuesday next preceding the first Wednesday of January next—(the House concurred) and said Committee subsequently reported that the Governor would forthwith transmit a message by the Secretary of the State. A message was accordingly received from the Governor, informing that he had approved of 203 bills during the present session, and that it was his pleasure that both branches of the General Court should adjourn without day, which was accordingly done. (Similar proceedings took place in the House.)

In the House—An additional pay roll was ordered to be made up including to-morrow. Bills passed to be enacted—enlarging the limits of the several jail yards—providing salary for Suffolk Co. Attorney—in addition to an act to regulate Banks and Banking.—The use of the Hall was granted to the American Institute of Instruction, for the further term of three years. An order was passed in which the Senate concurred, directing the Messenger to deliver to the Chairman of the Joint Special Committee on Freemasonry, all the printed copies of the Report made by said committee, now remaining in his hands.

CONGRESS.

Thursday, March 27. In Senate—Mr Webster, gave notice that he should call up his Bank bill on the 21st of April instead of the 1st of May, as before announced. Mr Clay addressed the Senate upon the deposite question up to the adjournment without concluding.

In the House, Mr Chilton Allen spoke on Mr Mardis's resolution, and Mr Ellsworth upon the report of the Committee of Ways and Means. Mr Choate obtained the floor for Friday, upon the latter question.

Friday, March 28. In Senate—Mr Clay resumed his speech commenced yesterday; in concluding he offered the following modification of his second resolution, and asked the Yeas and Nays on both:—'Resolved, That the President, in the late Executive proceedings in relation to the public revenue, has assumed upon himself authority and power not conferred by the Constitution and laws, but in derogation of both.' The question on adopting the report of the Committee on Finance than 'the reasons assigned by the Secretary of the Treasury for the removal of the public deposites from the Bank of the U. States are insufficient and unsatisfactory,' was determined in the affirmative, 28 to 18. The question on Mr Clay's second resolution, as modified, was also decided in the affirmative, 26 to 20.

In the House, Mr Adams requested leave to offer a resolution calling on the Secretary of the Treasury for copies of the charters of all the Banks selected by him as depositories for the public moneys, &c.—it was postponed to to-morrow. The Hon James W. Bouldin appeared, was qualified, and took his seat, as a Representative from Virginia. Mr Chilton Allen resumed and concluded his remarks upon Mr Mardis' resolutions, and Mr Dickerson of N. Jersey, spoke at consid erable length in support of the resolutions as reported from the Committee of Ways and Means.

Saturday, March 29. In Senate—a debate commenced by Mr Leigh, upon extra allowances for carrying the Mail in Virginia, was continued by Messrs Benton, Grundy, Tyler, and Clayton. Mr Ewing's resolution, empowering the Post Office Committee to send for persons and papers, and appointing a clerk to aid them, was taken up and adopted. Mr Benton submitted a resolution, (which was ordered to be printed,) providing for the appointment of a special joint Committee to inquire what alterations are necessary to be made, 1st, in the value of the gold coined at the mint to check its exportation and to restore it to circulation—2d, in the laws relative to foreign coins, so as to restore the gold and silver coin of foreign nations to their former circulation within the United States—and 3d, in the joint resolution of 1816 (for the better collection of the revenue) so as to exclude all bank notes, under twenty dollars, from revenue payments after a given period, and to make the revenue system of the United States instrumental in the gradual suppression of the small note circulation, and the introduction of gold and silver for the common currency of the country. The Senate then went into Executive session.

In the House, Mr Adam's resolution requiring copies of the charters of the Deposite Banks, with a modification submitted by him, was debated until the expiration of the hour allotted for morning business, when the House went into the consideration of private bills

Monday, March 31. In Senate—Memorial asking a restoration of the deposites were presented, from Wilkes, N. C. Rowan, Co. N. C. Beaufort, Co. N. C. and Mobile, Ala. Mr Clay called up for consideration his resolution calling for information from the Treasury Department, of the amount of deposites made in the Union Bank of Maryland. It was somewhat modified and adopted. Mr Wright spoke at length on the reference of the memorial from Albany presented by Mr Webster, to the committee of Finance. He was followed by Messrs Ewing and Clay and the paper was referred and ordered to be printed. Mr Wright presented the memorial of 1,700 citizens of the City of Albany, opposed to a restoration of the deposites to the Bank of the U. States, which was ordered to be printed.

In the House, the whole day was occupied in receiving petitions from the people. Mr Kavanagh presented a memorial of the inhabitants of Bath, Maine, complaining of the present stagnation of business, which they attribute to the removal of the public deposites. Mr Evans presented a similar paper from citizens of Somersworth, Me. Mr Briggs presented the memorial of 380 citizens of Adams, Mass. praying the restoration of the deposites, and representing the prevalence of great embarrassment in their business Mr Baylies presented a similar memorial from 2,423 inhaditants of Bristol county Mass. Mr Baylies also presented resolutions of the Legislature of Massachusetts, in relation to the improvement of the navigation of Taunton river.

Mr Choate presented a memorial from citizens of Lynn, praying the restoration of the deposites, and the recharter of the U. States Bank. Mr Osgood said he had to present certain resolutions adopted by the citizens of Boston, at one of the largest meetings ever held, remonstrating against the rechartering of the Bank. Mr Burgess and Mr Pearce of R. I. got into warm recriminatory debate on the subject of a petition from Smithfield and Cumberland in that state. Mr Burgess pronounced the name of Owney Ballou, which Mr Pearce said was signed to a letter condemning the petition to be a forgery.

Tuesday, April 1. In Senate—A message was received from the President of the U. S. accompanying a report from the Secretary of State, on the subject of preventing the counterfeiting of foreign coin.

Mr Wright from the Select Committee on the Rhode Island election asked leave to present the minority report. On motion of Mr Ewing, it was laid on the table. The Bill for making appropriations for the repair and completion of the Cumberland Road was taken up, and some amendments proposed and rejected. On the question of its passage to a third reading it was decided as follows, Yeas 20 Nays 22.

In the House, Mr J. Q. Adams asked the unanimous consent of the House to present a petition.—There not being a quorum in the House, a call was moved by Mr Little. The House refused—ayes 21 noes 34. A quorum having, in the interim, come into the House—Mr Adams renewed his application.—Objected to.

The House resumed the consideration of the resolutions reported from the Committee of Ways and Means together with Mr Wilde's amendment thereto, declaring the reasons offered by the Secretary of the Treasury, for the removal of the deposites to be unsatisfactory and insufficient.

Mr Hardin took the floor and spoke till half past four o'clock in favor of the amendment. During the time *three* motions were made to adjourn on each of which the yeas and nays were called, and the motion was negatived. At half past four Mr Clark the house adjourned, yeas 82, nays 80.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, Henry Hitchcock to Mary A. Parker—Joseph Bowthorpe to Mary Russell—Charles Chandler to Sarah Whitney—Theodore Sands to Mary Ann Hopkins.

In East Cambridge, Benjamin A. Burditt to Harriet S. Lovell.

In West Cambridge, Jacob N. Ware, of Hallowell, Me. to Elizabeth W. Richardson, of Ashley.

In Charlestown, Samuel Hobbs, Esq, to Abigail W. Kendall, both of Weston.

In Salem, William Knowlton, of Danvers, to Sarah Farnum—William T. Cross, of Marblehead, to Hannah H. Rowell—William Newhall, Jr, of Lynn, to Mary Monroe—Charles Lefavor to Frances Wayland.

In Lowell, Major Thomas Pratt to Lydia Ann F. Robinson.

In Weymouth, Jacob French of Boston, to Lucinda Whitten.

In Provincetown, Capt Atkins Dyer to Ruth Goodspeed.

In New Bedford, John Gabett to Mrs Catharine Dillingham.

In Mason, N. H. Jepthah Woodbury, of Lynn, to Mary A. Hill.

In Baltimore, Wm Raymond Lee of Boston, to Mary E. Evans.

In Richmond, Va, Robert B. Randolph, Esq. late of the U. S. Navy, to Eglantine Beverley of Alexandria, N. C.

DEATHS.

In this city, Elizabeth F. W. wife of Dr Woodbridge Strong, and daughter of Hon Laban Wheaton, 28—Elizabeth W. wife of Dr Walter Channing—Miss Sally Day, 77.

In West Cambridge, Miss Lydia Gearfield, 55.

In Roxbury, Isabella, wife of Jeremiael C. Pratt, 22.

In Lynn, Lydia Ann Sweetser, aged 14—Ann, daughter of Nathaniel Walden, aged 26.

In Salem, John Derby 64.

In Marblehead, Sally, wife of Capt Noah'l Lindsey, 62—Mary, wife of Benj Pedrick, 77.

In Wrentham, Sarah Ann, wife of Reuben G. Metcalf.

In Gloucester, James P. Colline, 28.

In Haverhill, Moses Bartlett, 82. While engaged in taking down an old building which he had purchased, and while the upper end of it, the wind there is over, and he was instantly crushed by the fall.

In Provincetown, Samuel P. Brooks, formerly of this city, 32.

In Chesterfield, Gideon Hinckley, 20—killed by a kick in the stomach from an unshod colt.

In Putney, Vt, Daniel Davis, 60. Many years previous to his death, he procured a coffin for himself and kept it in his house; it was made very large, and so as to be locked inside. A few weeks previous to his death, he undertook to hang himself over his coffin, but was discovered and taken down. Foiled in this attempt, he went to his barn, took a hammer, and broke in his skull—stuck a knife in his eye and in the apertures made by the hammer.

In Brunswick, Me, Alice, relict of Rev Joseph M'Keen, first President of Bowdoin College.

In New York, suddenly, Sarah, wife of John Jacob Astor, 73.

Lost overboard from ship Corinthian, March 9th, on his passage from Cadiz to Boston, Chandler Gray, of Yarmouth, 2d, officer.

Dancing.

MR PARKS respectfully gives notice to his patrons and the public in general, that his spring term for the instruction of young ladies, masters and misses in Dancing, will commence on SATURDAY, 12th inst at 3 o'clock, P. M. at the Pantheon Hall. The regular days for instruction will be on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons. 3tis ap 5

A Finisher Wanted.

ONE who perfectly understands finishing Broad Cloths, and can show good recommendation. To such a permanent engagement and high wages will be given. Apply by letter (post paid) to CHARLES N. MILLS, 44 Pine St. New York.

New York, March 29th. ap 5

Elementary School Book.

PUBLISHED by CARTER, HENDEE & CO. School Book Publishers, *Boston.*

Spelling and Reading. Emerson's National Spelling Book; Introduction to do; New National, by same author; Worcester's United States Spelling Book; Webster's Elementary do; Barnum's First, Second and Third Books in Spelling, Reading and Writing; Pierpont's Young Reader; Boston Reading Lessons; Worcester's Second Book.

Grammar—Frost's Elements of English Gammar.

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Arithmetics—Parley's, Smith's Introductory.

Histories—Child's History of the U. S; Parley's Tales about America, Asia, Africa, Europe, Sea and Islands.

The Little Philosopher, by Abbot; Young Astronomer, by Worcester; Parley's Sun, Moon and Stars; Grund's Elements of Astronomy; Vose's do; Holbrook's Easy Lessons in Geometry; Child's Botany; Juvenile Lyre and Child's Song Book for Schools; The Child's Friend, by S. R. Hall; Good's Book of Nature, abridged for Schools; Book of Commerce; Scenes of American Wealth,

"Among the duties of the guardians of public education it is one thing to provide the ways and means in support of the cause; another to obtain competent teachers; and last, to furnish them with the best books and the necessary apparatus for illustration. Money lavished in the purchase of inferior books, is not only lost, but that time which is the most precious to the young for improvement is gone and cannot be redeemed.

"The above list of elementary works on the subjects most usually taught in common and high schools, it is believed will be found worthy the attention of School Agents Committees and Instructers." Holbrook's Family Lyceum.

Copies of any of the above works furnished to Teachers and School Committees for examination, ap 5

New-England Magazine.

JUST published by J. T. BUCKINGHAM, No. XXXIV. of the New England Magazine, for April, 1834.

CONTENTS.

Original Papers. Art I. Thoughts on National Character of Greece. II. Remembrances. III. The Nobleman and the Fisherman. IV. The Bethel Flag. V. Fanny Waite. VI. Ethan Allen. VII. Autobiography of Mathew Carey; Letters 12 and 13. VIII. A Short Chapter on Long Ears. IX. My Whiskers X. Patriotism.

XI. Literary Notices. XII. Politics and Statistics.—XIII. Obituary Notices.

☞ Subscriptions received by all the Booksellers, and by the publisher at his office in Congress street. april 1

Domestic Goods.

THE subcriber gives notice that he continues to transact business as a Merchandize Broker and Commission Merchant, at Chambers No. 63 Kilby street where he keeps constantly on hand sample bales and cases of Goods from most of the principal Manufacturing Establishments in New-England, consisting of bleached and unbleached Sheetings and Shirtings; Printing Cloths; Tickings; Ginghams; Stripes; Checks; Drillings; Wicking; Cotton Yarn; Broadcloths; Cassimeres; Satinet; Flannels, &c. which will be sold on the most favorable terms.

Orders for exportation or home consumption will be executed with fidelity and despatch. JOSEPH VILA. 5w ap 5

Copartnership Notice.

WILLIAM GRANT, No 44 Hanover street, having associated with him NATHANIEL KIMBALL, as Copartner in business, would inform his friends and the public, that the business in future will be conducted under the firm of WILLIAM GRANT & CO.

W. G. & Co. will keep constantly for sale, at reasonable prices, a good assortment of Watches, Timepieces, Jewelry, Silver and Plated Spoons, Combs, Ornamental Hairwork, Perfumery, and a variety of Fancy Goods, &c. Watches, Jewelry and combs faithfully repaired.

Cash paid for old Gold and Silver, or taken in exchange. ap 5 3t

London Quarterly Review.

JUST Published by LILLY, WAIT & CO. The London Quarterly Review, No 100

CONTENTS.

Art. I.—1. Histoire de la Decadence et de la Chute de l'Empire Romain, traduite de l'Anglais d'Edouard Gibbon. Nouvelle edition, entierement revue et corrigee, precedee d'une Notice sur la Vie et le Caractere de Gibbon, et accompagnee de Notes critiques et historiques relatives pour la plupart a l'Histoire de la Propagation du Christianisme. Par M. F. Guizot. 2. Etudes, ou Discours Historiques sur la Chute de l'Empire Romain. Par M. de Chateaubriand

II.—1. Schlangenbad und seine Heilquellen, von Dr H Fenner von Feuerberg. 2. Wiesbaden und seine Heilquellen dargestellt. 3. Bubbles from the Brunnens of Nassau By an Old Man.

III.—1. Present State of the Poor-Law Question. By C. Wethereil. 2. Extracts from the Information received by His Majesty's Commissioners as to the Administration and Operation of the Poor-Laws. Published by Authority. 3. Reply of the Commissioners for Inquiring into the Poor-Laws to a Letter from the Chancellor of the Exchequer on the Labor-Rate. Printed for the House of Commons, June 19th. 1833.

IV.—1. Journal of a West India Proprietor. By the late Matthew G. Lewis. 2. Domestic Manners in the West Indies. By Mrs Carmichael.

V.—An Inquiry into the State of Slavery amongst the Romans, from the earliest Period till the Establishment of the Lombards in Italy. By William Blair, Esq.,

VI.—Trevelyan, by the Author of 'A Marriage in High Life.'

VII.—1. A Letter to the Right Hon. Charles Gram, President of the Board of Control on the Present State of British Intercouse with China. By C. Marjoribanks Esq. M. P., late President of the Select Committee in China. 2. Papers relating to the Ship Amherst, in reference to a Voyage recently undertaken to the North-east Coast of China. 3. Papers relating to the Affairs of the East India Company. 4. Corrected Report of the Speeches of Sir George Staunton on the China Trade, in the House of Commons, June 4 and, 13, 1833. 5. Observations on the China Trade, and on the Importance and Advantages of removing it from Canton to some other part of the Coast of that Empire. By Sir James Brabazon Urmston.

VIII.—Life and Poetical Works of the Reverend Geo Crabbe, in 8 vols. 12mo. Vol. I containing the Life of Crabbe. By his Son.

IX.—1. Church Reform. 2 Church of England; or safe, liberal, and Christian Principles of Reform in the in the Establishment; with the beneficial Changes which may be made, consistently with Reason and Religion, in the Ecclesiastical Affairs of this Kingdom. 3. the Liturgy Revised; or the Necessity and Beneficial Effects of an authorised Abridgement and careful Revision of the various Services of the Established Church. 4. The British Liturgy; an Attempt towards an Analysis, Arrangement, and Compression of the Book of Common Prayer. 6. The Book of Common Prayer and Administration of the Sacraments and other Rites and Ceremonies of the Church, newly arranged, with Alteration and Abbreviations. 6. A Petition to the House of Lords. By the Rev C. N. Wodehouse, Prebendary of Norwich. Mirror of Parliament, 5th August. 7. Evidence of the Necessity of Church Reform. 8. Reform without Re-construction, &c. accompanied with a Plan for the Compression of the Liturgy and Ritual of the Church of England.

X.—Note on Pamphlet entitled 'A Refutation of the Calumnies against the Lord Chancellor contained in the last Number of the Quarterly Review.' ap 5

Waverly Portraits.

PORTRAITS of the principal Female Characters in the Waverly Novels Complete sets now received by LILLY, WAIT & CO. 121 Washington street may 22

The Logierian Musical Academy

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MR. MRS. and MISS BROWNE continue to give instruction on the most perfect "SYSTEM" of acquiring an accurate performance on "*the Piano Forte*" and "*Organ.*" Lectures on the various styles of Musical Music, Laws of Harmony, Composition, Singing and Accompaniment, &c. &c. Students may be attended at their own residence, or at the Academy, either on the "*Logierian System,*" or on the common mode of teaching. For particulars he pleased to apply as above. For sale, Logier's Lessons, a new and correct edition of Meisler's Grand Concerto, containing 30 pages; Vietti's Grand Concerto, Cornetti's, &c. &c. mar 1

Notice.

THE Copartnership heretofore existing between the subscribers, under the name of LEWIS H. MORRIS, was dissolved on the 31st inst, by mutual consent. SAMUEL F. MORRIS & CO.

March 29, 1834. LEWIS H. MORRIS.

L. H. MORRIS

WILL continue the DRY GOODS business, at the Old Stand, 427, Washington street. mar 29 3t

Instruction in Dancing.

MR L. STIMSON respectfully informs his patrons and others of Boston, Roxbury, Quincy, and Dorchester, that his Spring Schools will commence on the following days: at Roxbury, on Tuesday, April 1st, 2 P. M.; at Finner's Hall; at Boston, on Wednesday, April 2d, 2 P. M. at his Academy, No 33. Allen street; at Quincy, Thursday, April 10th, 2 P. M. at French's Hall; and at Dorchester, Friday, April 11th, 2 P. M. at Tucker's Hall. His school in Boston will keep on the afternoons of Wednesday and Saturday. 6wq mar 29

Window Glass.

500 BOXES Baltimore Window GLASS; 250 do Waterford do do; 150 do German do do, all sizes, from 6 by 8 to 24 by 30, for sale at HENDERSON'S Window Glass and Paint Store, No 40, Hanover street. is3m mar 15

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4-4, 5-4 and 6-4 Bobbinets,	4-4, 5-4 and 6-4 Jaconets,
Ivories do	do Cambrics,
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Tatings and Pearlings,	Hdkfs, &c &c.

Also, black and white Silk Hose; black, slate and col'd worsted do; black raw silk and worsted half do; ladies' white and col'd horseskin Gloves; Prints, Ginghams, Cambrics and Cottons, with a general assortment of Fancy and Staple Dry Goods. 1m feb 15

Select Chants, Scripture Worship

A COLLECTION of Select CHANTS, harmonized with a close accompaniment; to which are adapted selections from the Sacred Scriptures of suitable length for Public or Social Worship, and printed to facilitate their application to the Chants. By an Amateur, The harmonies carefully revised by G. J. Webb. Just published and for sale by CARTER, HENDEE & CO. mar 22

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N. B. Balances and scale Beams repaired at short notice. tf nov 16

Bernardo del Carpio.

A NEW Historical Novel, by Don Jorge Montgomery. Just published from the Madrid edition, by S. BURDETT & CO, Foreign Book Store, No 18, Court street. mar 22

Arcade High School,

No 81, Washington street, (Joy's Building.)

THE next Term of the School begins April 1st. The following premiums will be awarded at the close of the Quarter, viz: For the best Painting, a *Gold Medal*—best Needle work, do—Music, do—French, do.

The School will be divided into Divisions of ten scholars each, and a Medal for each division, in addition to the above. mar 22 3t

N. B. Seasonable application is solicited, that Divisions may be made accordingly.

mar 22 E. VALENTINE, Principal.

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THE subscribers believing the present system of credit injurious to both the buyer and seller, and wishing to change the same so far as practicable, have determined to commence a *Cash Business*, and will, after this date, discount from their former prices, 8 *per cent for cash*, thereby giving those who are in the habit of cashing their bills some *real* advantage, and also hold out to others an inducement to adopt the same course. It is a frequent complaint of those who settle their bills promptly, that they "pay for others' delinquencies." As this system will obviate all such causes of complaint, they trust it will meet the approbation of their customers, and all those who may hereafter become such.

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Chalicttes.

A NEW and superb article for LADIES' SPRING and EVENING DRESSES, just received per the French packet, and is now for sale by S. WALES & CO, 205 Washington st. mar 22

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Opened this morning, one lot check Cambries, 2s per yd, 6-4 wide; one lot very fine, 2s 3d; Cambric Muslins, very cheap.

One case splendid Col'd Muslins; 1 lot Mourning do.

Also, on hand, 7-8 and 4-4 Irish Linens: 5-4 Linen Sheeting; Damasks; Napkins: Doylies: Linen Cambric Hdkfs, an extensive assortment of Silk Goods etc etc etc.

mar 22 201 Washington street.

Parley's Magazine.

VOL. 2, No 1. Published by LILLY, WAIT & CO. The following are among the many hundreds of notices of Parley's Magazine, viz;

Sixty-five copies of Parley's Magazine are subscribed for by the members of my school—no trifling auxiliary to my opinion of the work. [Charles Fox, Boylston school Boston.

It is exceedingly useful and interesting. [Springfield Gazette.

Parley's Magazine is unrivlled for its beauty and utility, and is not sustained beyond its merits. [Baptist Repository.

20,000! are now sold, and subcriptions daily increasing.

This periodical has acquired its popularity by its intrinsic merit. [Phila. Athenian.

Superior to any child's book we have ever seen. Teachers are particularly invited to examine the work. [Salem Messenger.

Its morals are pure, its language simple, and its whole character instructive. We commend the work to the notice of School committees and Teachers. [Haverhill Gazette. mar 22

Tar.

WILMINGTON TAR constantly for sale in any quantity to accommodate purchasers, by T. J. LOBDELL, No 15, wharf. mar 22

Noyau, Anizette, &c.

12 HHDS super pink and white Noyau,
4 do do Anizette,
6 do Cherry Rum,
A variety of Distilled Cordials,
Champagne, Madeira and Sherry Wines,
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100 dozline bottled Cider,
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Also, a large assortment of AMERICAN PAPER HANGINGS

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PATENT and common Cordage constantly on hand—gauge of Rigging, of a quality equal to any manufactured in this city or vicinity, supplied at the shortest notice and on most reasonable terms, by JOHN W. HACKETHORN, No 44 Long wharf. mhw jan 11

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Waldie's Circulating Library.

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OLD AND GOOD.

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JUST received and for sale by ALEXANDER STRONG, 401 Washington street, a few cases more of those fine custom made Calfskin Boots, at $4; also men's stout Calf Boots, at $2.75; ladies lined and bound Rubbers, at $1; children's do lined and bound, at 50 cts. feb 15 1m

PENDLETON

HAS removed from Graphic court to the new Store, No 208, Washington street, where he will keep for sale, in addition to his stock of Prints, Music, &c. a general assortment of Jewelry, perfumery, Combs, Hair Work, and other articles in the Fancy Good line.

CARDS, in all their varieties, engraved and printed; many specimens of style may be seen by applying as above.

The Engraving, Copperplate Printing and Lithograpic Establishment is in the rear of the store, entrance by the passage way, No 204, Washington street feb 8

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HIBBARD & MACNAIR, would inform their friends and the public generally, that they have commenced manufacturing this beautiful article in the Chambers over HALL & Co's, 10, Washington street.—They hope, by strict attention to business, to merit a share of public patronage.

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CARTER, HENDEE & CO, have just published, No 1, of a new volume of Anthems, entitled 'The Boston Collection of Anthems, Choruses, &c. consisting of selections from the works of the most eminent composers, appropriate to the various circumstances and wants of Singing Societies, Concerts and exhibitions of Sacred Music; with a separate accompaniment for the organ or piano forte By Lowell Mason and J. G. Webb. Published by the Boston Handel and Haydn Society.

Contents—'I will magnify Thee,' anthem by Boyce; 'Glorify the name of the Lord,' by Mozart, adapted to English words; 'The Lord our God is merciful,' by Naumann, adapted to English words; Sentence, 'Holy Lord God of Hosts,' by Schneider, ditto; Chorus, 'Let us with a joyful mind,' by Mozart, do; Chorus, 'Blessed is the Man.'

Also, just published—Sentences, or short Anthems, Hymn Tunes and Chants, appropriate to various occasions of public worship. By Lowell Mason, Professor in the Boston Academy of Music. Published by the Handel and Haydn Society.

In the Press—A Manual of Instruction, or Rudiments of Music on the Pestalozzian or German System, explained and developed; embracing the plan pursued by the author in his several schools in Boston and Salem. By Lowell Mason. 4w mar 8

United States Quarterly Review

THIS DAY published No 1, of the U. States Quarterly Review, edited by Henry Vethake, Esq. late Professor in the University of New York.

CONTENTS.—Art 1. A Discourse before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Brown University, by Virgil Maxcy; and an Address before the American Institute in N York by John P. Kennedy—2. Lewis on the Use and Abuse of Political Terms.—3. Poems and prose Writings of Richard H. Dana.—4 Ante-Colonial History.—5. Memoirs of Baron Cuvier.—6. Traits and Stories of Irish Peasantry.—7 Imprisonment for Debt.—8. Ancient Art in Egypt and India.—9. Miss Aikin's Court of Charles the First.—10. Temperance Cause.

Subscriptions, Five Dollars per annum, thankfully received by LILLY, WAIT & CO. mar 8 General Agents for New England.

Window Frames Sashes and BLINDS.

SECOND hand, in good condition, for sale by J. DAVENPORT, 60 Milk street. feb 8

HENRY R. WILLIAMS,

RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and the public, that he has re-commenced business at his Old Store, No 63 Congress street, where he will be happy to supply such as will favor him with a call, with Garments of every description, in good style, and at as cheap prices as can be afforded, for cash only. By good attention to every department of work, and dispensing entirely with Account Books, he hopes to please patrons and avoid embarrassment himself. 9t feb 15

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The Flute.

A FEW Young Gentlemen can be admitted to the present course of Tuition on the Flute. The new system of instruction and explanation will be pursued, and every pupil who can *ever* arrive at *any* degree of excellence on the instrument, will obtain in *thirteen* lessons, all the requisite *practical* information to 'go ahead,' for six dollars, paid in advance.

☞ References given to nearly 200 past and present pupils. NATH'L DEARBORN, 110 Washington street. mar 8 13t

South-End Neck Stock and SUSPENDER MANUFACTORY.

SAMUEL G. B. EATON, would inform his friends and the public, that he has taken store No 429, Washington street, (two doors north of Boylston market) where

MISCELLANIES.

EPIGRAM.

Here rests my spouse; no pair through life
Do equal liv'd, as we did;
Alike we shar'd perpetual strife,
Nor knew I rest till she did.

BURNS AND HIS MARY. 'Kennedy became their mutual confidant. He bore their messages, and occasionally exercised his ingenuity in devising clandestine interviews, and in assisting them to elude detection. One of these took place a short time before Burns, in despair, embarked for Jamaica. It was in a room of Mr Armor's own house, who was a tailor in the small village of Manchline. The unfortunate pair, knowing the discovery of their secret marriage inevitable, determined to throw themselves on the clemency of Mr Armor. 'Go,' said Burns to Kennedy, 'tell John Armor Robert Burns is with his daughter.' On the delivery of this message, Mr Armor refused to credit it, supposing himself trifled with. Jean was his favorite child, and in Burns, he saw the indigent, unfortunate peasant. After the eclaircissement had taken place, the stern old man, with a full knowledge of all the circumstances, bade Burns begone forever.

After Miss Armor's, or rather Mrs Burns's, confinement, Kennedy, in passing the farm where the Poet and his brother Gilbert struggled to obtain a subsistence, was requested by the former to become the bearer of a gift to his 'poor wife.' The present was hoisted by his brawny hands to the pommel of the saddle, which consisted of a bag filled with the substantial delicacies of a farm. Penury approaching to destitution, admitted no choice of gentle souvenirs. Kennedy's road lay to Kilmarnock, but 'there was nae resisting Robert,' and he journeyed to Mauchline. On his arrival, Mrs Armor (to her Kennedy attributes 'all the difficulty') violently protested against admitting him to an interview with her daughter, besides bestowing on him sundry unceremonious appellations, for befriending the 'rake helly Burns.' The lady, however, in this instance, was overruled by her husband, and Kennedy was permitted to proceed to the apartment where Mrs Burns was confined to bed; and he had 'nae been there aboon fifteen minutes,' when he heard a scrambling on the stairs, and 'och! sic a screaming,' when Burns burst into the room, hotly pursued by the lady of the mansion, who, in turn was as closely pursued by her infuriated husband. Burns flew to the bed, and 'putting his face to Jean's and syne to each o' the wee bairns, wept like ony child; and och! had ye been there, ye'r heart would have burst as mine did.' This only enraged the unfeeling parents. The sequel is well known. The harsh and cruel father, having obtained the documentary evidence of their clandestine marriage, destroyed it.'

ANECDOTE OF KEAN. We are indebted to an unknown correspondent for the subjoined anecdote of Kean, which is every way characteristic and worthy of 'the brightest Star of the British Drama;' S. D. J. has our thanks, and we shall gladly embrace any opportunity of making the columns of the Atlas and Constellation a medium through which to communicate whatever he may think proper hereafter to furnish us on the same and similar subjects.

I have always considered Edmund Kean an actor of great genius and feel much pleasure in mentioning a trait in his private character. There was a Mr Conyngham, a native of Ireland, who in former days I remember, was a favorite with the Irish audience, and for many years a member, of the Bath company. He was acting at Brighton; his circumstances were not the most flourishing, and a good benefit would, he said, release him from all his embarrassments. A brother actor advised him to write to Mr Kean, for if he would come and act for house. [illegible] assured of an overflowing

'My good fellow,' replied Conyngham, 'I should be afraid to make so bold a request; it is true, we were very intimate; he was a good-natured fellow; but Ned Kean, then the strolling player, and Mr Kean the pride of Drury Lane Theatre, are not one and the same person.'

Conyngham, however, was persuaded to write Kean, and he received the following reply;

Dear Tom.—I am sorry that you are not as comfortable in life as I wish you; put me up for any of my plays next Thursday, and I shall be most happy to act for your benefit. In the meantime, accept the enclosed trifle to make the pot boil.

Yours, &c. EDMUND KEAN.

The enclosed was a ten pound note. On Thursday he arrived at Brighton, and his performance drew poor Conyngham an overflowing audience, but nothing could induce him to accept one sixpence for his travelling or other incidental expenses. To descant on the kindness of such an action is useless—it speaks for itself.—*Constellation.*

A FRENCH MARRIAGE PARTY.

In our present tour—for we have now been talking of older experiences—we had the good fortune to fall in with a marriage party proceeding to Honfleur, to spend the white day of their lives. They were of a class higher than peasantry, but lower than the gentry, although dressed—at least the females—with absolute extravagance. This, however, is nothing uncommon in Normandy, where a servant girl frequently carries the whole of her earnings in the form of lace upon her head. It would have been impossible for us to have discovered, amongst the three lovely and most radiant faces before us, that of the bride, had we not remarked the different species of homage which she received from her attendant. The oblations offered to the other young women, were a mixture of politeness, gallantry, and even love, which they accepted with a proud consciousness, mingled with a playful and graceful coquetry. On *her* part, there was a grave, calm, earnest fondness in the look which she fixed upon her betrothed: and, when she did not look, we could see a shade upon her brow and a cloud in her eye, as if her spirit were already busy with that unknown future to which she had given herself up. The feelings of the bridegroom seemed to be divided between love and pride, his arm was round her waist as one having authority; every word, every glance, every gesture seemed to say "She is mine!" We were soon midway, where the great ocean stream sweeps in to meet the water of the Seine and our vessel began to roll, and plunge, and stagger. Presently the fair face of the bride became pale—she looked distressed: and we watched, with intense curiosity, the effect which the catastrophe we saw was coming would have on her lover. The Frenchman was as true as steel; he held her head while she leaned over the vessel's side; and the first thing she did when she got up again, with white cheeks and tearful eyes, was to thank him for his kindness with a kiss. In France this is nothing.—*Ritchie.*

BONAPARTE. The first campaigns of the French after the revolution were remarkable for that sudden excitement which precipitated towards the frontier of France a million of new and undisciplined men, to oppose by their courage and enthusiasm, the confederated force of the finest troops of which Europe could boast. The campaigns of Italy presented Europe with a spectacle, still more astonishing; in this one campaign, which was nothing more than a continued series of battles, three armies were successively destroyed; more than one hundred and fifty colors were taken; forty thousand Austrians laid down their arms; the whole of Italy was conquered; and all these prodigies were achieved by no more than thirty thousand French, under a young General of twenty-eight years of age! At the memorable passage of the Bridge of Lodi, it was not less the celerity and promptitude of movement than invincible heroism, that carried the day. The fire of the enemy, who defended the passage, with thirty pieces of cannon, was terrible, the head of the charging column of French appeared to give way. "A moment of hesitation," says Bonaparte in his official despatch on the occasion, "would have lost all. Generals Berthier, Massena, Cervoni, D'Allemagne, the chief of brigade, Lanne, and the chief of battalion, Dupat, dashed forward at its head, and determined the fate of the day still wavering in the balance." Bonaparte does not include his own name in the list of this heroic band, though well known to have been one of the foremost in the charge: the modesty which dictated this concealment, even his revilers must admire. "This redoutable column," he continues, "overturned all opposed to it; Beaulieu's order of battle was broken; astonishment, flight and death were spread on all sides. In the confusion of an eye the enemy's army was annihilated by confusion."

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mar 29 tf

Removal.
DR JOHN A. BROWN, *Botanic Physician,* and Agent for Dr Samuel Thomson, has relinquished the superintendence of the Tremont infirmary and removed to No 228 Washington street, corner of Summer street, and will continue to sell and administer the genuine Thomsonian Medicine, which has been the means of placing thousands on the terra firma of good health, after trying all other sources for relief in vain. Persons will be accommodated with the Vapor Bath and Medicine, either or both, at their houses, on reasonable terms. Information, reference, or advice, gratis.
For sale as above, Thomson's Botanic Family Physician, containing the Life and Medical Discoveries of the Author—third edition. Price $20. Also, Robinson's Lectures on the System. Price 60 cts. &c. &c. mar 29

New Clerk's Magazine.
CONTAINING all the most useful forms which occur in business transactions between man and man. Calculated for the use of the inhabitants of the U. States, and made conformable to law. By a member of the Bar of Massachusetts. Price $1,
This is a manual of forms for transactions which occur every day between men. It is a work which ought to be in the possession of every business man, whatever his occupation.
The information which the work furnishes at a minute's warning, often costs more than the price of the book to acquire elsewhere. The forms are plain and simple, adapted to such common business transactions as are daily occurring. Published by LILLY, WAIT & CO, 121, Washington street. mar 29

Notice.
THE copartnership heretofore existing between the subscribers under the firm of *LEMIST & WARDEN,* is dissolved by mutual consent.
EDWIN LEMIST,
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feb 24 mar 29

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mar 29 3t

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☞ The next term will commence on Monday, March 3d, 1834. Applications may be made at No, 36, Hancock street, the residence of HENRY W. CARTER.
mar 1

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march 1 eptf

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